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GRAPHIC

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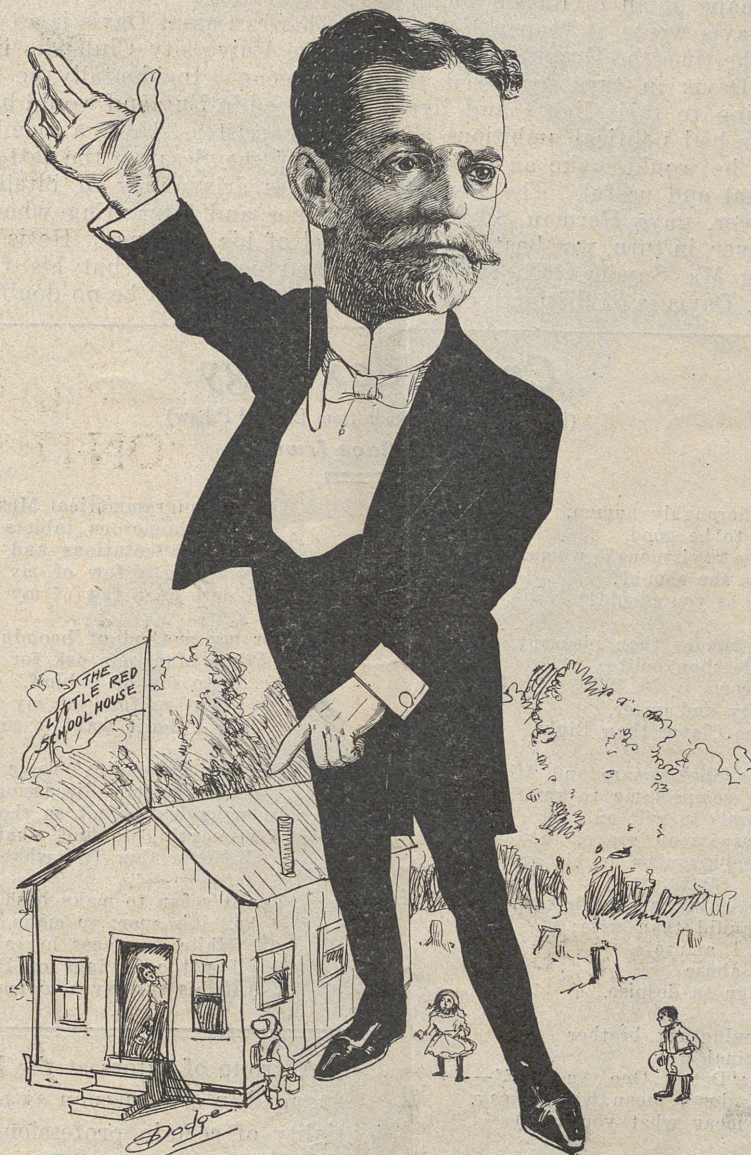
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Who's Who in Los Angeles.



Charles Cassat Davis

Unless you have a good opinion of yourself it is probable that no one else will have a good opinion of you. The subject of this sketch holds himself in some esteem and is not without foundation therefor. Nevertheless he will sacrifice nothing to popularity and he has my regard as well as his own on this account. Few men, therefore, venture to address him as "Charlie" Davis, for his dignity fits him almost as well as his pince-nez and the rest of his habiliments. No man who has mastered the "holier-than-

thou" attitude and has exalted himself to that high and aloof mountain can be expected to condescend to the viewpoint of others, and such dizzy heights are apt to blur the critic's perspective and to lessen his influence.

Mr. Davis is a Reformer. Long ago he reformed himself or such portions as he could improve upon and his mission in life is to reform the rest of us. In school board affairs, to which he has unselfishly devoted a great amount of time and energy, he has

been a really potent factor in Los Angeles. Eight years ago Mr. Davis and his able coadjutor, N. P. Conrey, now judge on the Superior bench, unearthed a vile pit of graft and corruption in the school board, and their investigations revealed the guilt of the hoodler-in-chief named Webb. Mr. Davis was then chairman of the board and in that capacity undoubtedly performed a great public service. He is again on the board of education, having been elected on the non-partisan ticket, and he is not beloved by those—the Schoolmasters' Club et al—who have endeavored to inject politics into school affairs. Some time ago the Schoolmasters held out the olive branch to Mr. Davis in the shape of an invitation to dine with them, but Mr. Davis wrote an "open letter", firmly declining. At the time the **Graphic** criticised his action, and Mr. Davis in turn criticised the **Graphic**—both according to their lights and liver. At one time Mr. Davis had political ambitions and it was suggested that he would make an excellent mayor, both ornamental and useful. The Republican convention, however, gave Herman Silver the preference and Mr. Silver, in turn, was beaten at the polls by the recurring Mr. Snyder. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Davis is of distinctly too re-

fining a mold to make a successful politician, for which he ought to be—and probably is—supremely thankful. Nevertheless, Mr. Davis is believed to still hanker after "His Honor's" office.

It is related in the annals of the Friday Morning Club that the good ladies desired to discuss "practical politics." The name of Mr. W. E. Dunn was suggested as the most authoritative exponent of this subject and he was asked to address the ladies. Mr. Dunn is reported to have declined with thanks, adding, "A man to talk upon practical politics before an audience of ladies should part his hair and his name in the middle. Ask Mr. Davis!"

Charles Cassat Davis is a college man—he belongs to the University Club—he is also a scholar and a gentleman. Incidentally he is a lawyer, and if he practiced in England would be a distinguished Chancery barrister. He is a member of the Sunset Club and of the Sesame, the latter of which is the Los Angeles aristocracy of intellect. He is a fluent speaker and interesting when he gets down to the level of his audience. He is what is called a "confirmed bachelor," but his friends have hopes for him, as there can be no doubt that he is a beau.

Crankidoxology

(Being a Mental Attitude from Bernard Pshaw)

By Wallace Irwin

It's wrong to be thoroughly human,
It's stupid alone to be good,
And why should the "virtuous" woman
Continue to do as she should?
(It's stupid to do as you should!)

For I'd rather be famous than pleasant,
I'd rather be rude than polite;
It's easy to sneer
When you're witty and queer,
And I'd rather be Clever than Right.

I'm bored by mere Shakespeare and Milton,
Though Hubbard compels me to rave;
If I should lay laurels to wilt on
That foggy Shakespearean grave,
How William would squirm in his grave!

For I'd rather be Pshaw than be Shakespeare,
I'd rather be candid than wise;
And the way I amuse
Is to roundly abuse
The Public I feign to despise.

I'm a Socialist, loving my brother
In quite an original way,
With my maxim, "Detest One Another"—
Though, faith, I don't mean what I say.
(It's beastly to mean what you say!)

For I'm fonder of talk than of Husbands,
And I'm fonder of fads than of Wives,
So I say unto you
If you don't as you do
You will do as you don't all your lives.

My "Candida's" ruddy as coral
With thoughts quite too awfully plain—
If folks would just call me Immoral
I'd feel that I'd lived not in vain.
(It's nasty, this living in vain!)

For I'd rather be Martyred than Married,
I'd rather be tempted than tamed,
And if I had my way
(At least, so I say)
All Babes would be labeled "Unclaimed."

I'm an epigrammatical Moses,
Whose humorous tablets of stone
Condemn affectations and poses—
Excepting a few of my own.
(I dote on a few of my own.)

For my method of booming the market
When Managers ask for a play
Is to say on a bluff,
"I'm so fond of my stuff
That I don't want it acted—go 'way!'"

I'm the club-ladies' Topic of Topics
Where solemn discussions are spent
In struggles as hot as the tropics,
Attempting to find what I meant.
(I Never Can Tell what I Meant!)

For it's fun to make bosh of the Gospel,
And it's sport to make gospel of Bosh,
While divorcees hurrah
For the Sayings of Pshaw
And his sub-psychological Josh.
—Collier's.

A group of actors at the Players' Club were once engaged in a discussion as to the ability and impartiality of certain professional critics of the drama, when the late Maurice Barrymore referred to a certain Denver journalist, who was widely known for his dramatic criticisms. "Hayward," said Mr. Barrymore, "was certainly one of the ablest of them. He wrote most learnedly, with the keenest analysis of every phase of the actor's art, and, above all, with no little wit. I am just reminded of what was, perhaps, the briefest dramatic criticism ever penned. It will probably outlive everything else Hayward did. It ran about as follows:

"George C. Miln, the preacher-actor, played 'Hamlet' at the Tabor Grand Opera House last night. He played it till twelve o'clock."



Thomas Oberle; *Artistic actor and sterling man, for whom his friends will rally next Tuesday afternoon.*

The Woman in Love

By Barry Pain

Some little time ago I happened to read in a newspaper that a woman had shot a man in the back. There was nothing very surprising in the fact as baldly stated; there are probably a great many men who ought to be shot in the back if only women had the time for it. But the woman's explanation in this case perplexed me for a moment. She said in answer to kind inquiries that she shot the man in the back because she loved him so. A moment's thought showed me that it was all quite simple. The man may have loved another woman or he may have neglected to notice which suit she discarded; jealousy or rage may by love be made stronger than love. It is easy enough to understand that if a woman loves a man she may find it salutary or convenient to shoot him in the back; the great difficulty is to discover how she manages to fall in love with him in the first instance. No man can understand how any woman can possibly fall in love with any man. We have to accept the evidence of newspapers and other authorities that the thing is sometimes done and to ask no questions. The only possible problem is one of reverential silence. Let us talk about it a little, shall we?

In order to get a little light on this dark subject it seems to me that it might be a good thing to take a course of novels written by average women. I could study their ideals and the way that the hero of their fiction satisfies them. I was careful to avoid very good novels because very good novels, whether by men or women, are never written by normal people, and it was at the tastes and reason of the normal woman that I wished to arrive. I took that course of novels, and in many ways I can feel that I am the better for it. I am more patient than I used to be and things do not seem to matter so much, but so far as the great mystery is concerned I am more at sea than ever, for on an examination of the heroes of all these novels I find that they all belong to one or other of two types—the baby and the bully. No other is genuine. Young man, if you are neither a baby nor a bully go back to your solitary bachelor chambers and give up hope. You are outside. You will never have a wife to love you, to honor you, and to write letters to the public press about your failings during the silly season.

The baby man in these novels is a wistful, silky-haired beast; they mostly call him Percy, or Archie, or Cyril, or some such jujube of a name. He has got a lovely character and yet you hate him. When he smiles sadly and says there is nothing to forgive, you wish to lift him by his sunny curls and pulp his face against a wall. That would be something of a solecism on your part, but even in the novel he gets badly treated. He is a perfect glutton for suffering and runs after it. Having, as I said, a lovely character he becomes a clergyman and does a lot of good among the poor. I was going to have said that the poor misunderstand him, but I prefer to put it that the poor dislike him; taste is happily not a matter of income. Whatever else happens he is bound to address a hostile meeting. He looks at the angry, upturned faces, but he never wavers. Consequently he is a good stead mark for the moiety of a brick, and he gets it too—it is a terrible blow on the tem-

ple. I have noticed that these Archies always get hit on the temple and never anywhere else. She bathes the temple and nurses him. Once when she thinks he is unconscious she kisses him. (This, by the way, is the only passage in the book that leads us to suppose that he knows anything.) The line is now clear for orange blossoms, but in the meantime the meeting is very sorry, and the tide of popularity has turned; the man whose hand dealt the dastardly blow calls round in an agony of remorse and implores pardon. "There is nothing to forgive," says the hero with his well-worn sad smile.

The bully is of many varieties. His name is Jack, or Dick, or George. Jack is a sunny-hearted boy with a merry twinkle in his eye. He chaffs people in his playful way. His chaff, of which the author gives specimens, is as light as a municipal steam-roller but not, as a rule, in such good taste. George is in the army; that is to say, he gets the V. C. The V. C. is as much a certainty for George as the brick on his pallid temple is for Archie. Dick is an artist and a wonderfully gifted young man too; it need not be added that his picture at the Academy is the success of the year. Can men so different resemble one another in anything? They can, and they do. All of them are reckless, all of them brag, all of them make love indiscriminately, and not one of them ever speaks to a man in the way that one man speaks to another. Their physical development is fine, their courage great, their egotism gigantic, and their manners infernal. They never miss one single chance of proving that they are bounders right away from the word, jump. What are we to think? Are the novelists wrong or is this a type to attract?

The only explanation I can think of is that when the woman novelist constructs her hero she takes him from real life. This would account for his being quite unlike real life and for several other things. But, as I have said before, our only possible attitude is one of reverential silence. We will try it.—The Tatler.

Hot Weather Lore

Papers I find now are flooded
Daily with precept and rule,
And I have carefully studied
How to keep perfectly cool.

Notes I have read upon feeding,
I have surrendered my meat,
Yet I discover I'm needing
Something substantial to eat.

Drinks are extremely restricted.
Alcohol's totally barred,
Ice is by all interdicted —
Isn't it awfully hard?

Dress, though it's all I desire, is
Fruitful of trouble I find;
I am put back for inquiries
Into the state of my mind.

—The Tatler.

Mr. Jackson (at the telephone)—"Is dat you, Miss Johnsing?"

Miss Johnson—"Ya-as."

Mr. Jackson—"Well, Miss Johnsing, I'se got a most important question to ask you."

Miss Johnson—"Ya-as."

Mr. Jackson—"Will you marry me?"

Miss Johnson—"Ya-as. Who is it, please?"

By The Way

The Fallen Idol.

(Brought out by D. W. Fieldwin's dissertation on the naughtiness of the Ladies' Home Journal in Sept. 23 issue of the **Graphic**.)

I have had some disillusionments that left me rather cold;
I have found that all that glitters isn't 18-karat gold.
I have learned that some complexions closely mimicking the peach
May be found at any drug store at a price the poor can reach.

I have found that office-seekers do not always tell the truth,
And that chorus-maidens giddy are not all in freshest youth.
Still another cherished idol I have found with feet of clay—
They are printing naughty stories in the

Ell

Aich

Jay!

Just to think! It is the paper run by Mistress Edna Bok,
Whose disciples must be leaving by the bevy and the flock.
'Tis the sheet for which Ruth Ashmore wrote her sidling
talks with girls,

And advised them how much quince-juice would preserve
their pretty curls.

'Tis the sheet of prunes and prisms, 'tis the organ of the
prude,

And you never would suspect it of a yarn risqué or rude.
But they've got Town Topics faded in the most undoubted
way—

They are printing shady stories in the

Ell

Aich

Jay!

—STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

Raging at the Referendum.

Gen. Otis has turned from cajoling to coercion, from the warming pan to the bludgeon, in his anxiety to locate the City Hall where it would best serve his own interests. For a week there was a daily editorial in the Times boosting the Pico House site. After the city council's refusal this week to respond to the Times's selfish wishes Gen. Otis began to fume and froth, with a resultant editorial on Wednesday morning, cracking the whip over the councilmen's backs and even threatening them with the hated "recall." "Lest they forget," was the suggestive caption of the editorial and "the General" warns the councilmen that "they may find themselves in the place of the farmer who warmed the torpid serpent by his proper fire-side." And then the Times, always afraid of the voice of the people, which the old copybooks used to instruct us was the voice of God, calls the referendum, which is simply the basic principle of all democratic governments, an "infamy," a "dangerous experiment," "a plan about as feasible in a great representative republic, or in a modern city of rapid advancement, as a parrot's cage would be for a stable for an elephant." Must I remind General Otis that no amendment to the constitution of the State of California is possible without a referendum? Must I remind him that no state or municipal project calling for the issue of bonds can be inaugurated without recourse to the referendum? Must I remind him, that, in fact and history, the whole foundation of a pure republic is that legislation should depend absolutely on the will of the people—a government "of the people, for the people, by the people"? The richer and more powerful individuals become, the more

they shrink from the will of the people. They imagine that their wealth gives them proportionate power in government; that their voice in public affairs should be many times louder and more effective, in proportion to their incomes, than the voices of the common people. In his raging against the referendum General Otis supplies the very strongest argument for its existence. The downfall of this or any other republic begins when the affairs of the nation are dominated by an oligarchy of wealth.

Solid Reasons.

The Times says "Give us some solid reasons why this city hall proposition should not be accepted," and maintains that the only valid reason would be a gift of a site as large as this in a still better place. Such is a fine sample of Otisian logic, but if solid reasons are honestly wanted there are plenty of them. The proffered site is valued by its donors at \$2000 a front foot. Where is a private investor to be found who would give \$300 a front foot for the property? It is quite certain that at present the property does not bear income on this latter modest, but honest, valuation. The Times suggests that if the city hall is to be south of First street, some property owners might donate a site. The Times ignores the fact that while every foot of property south of Third street is appreciating enormously in value, there has been no such increase in the territory which property owners now hope to rescue by a public building. The proposed site would be a serious inconvenience to nine-tenths of the tax-payers. Unless the demands of municipal economy, such as I suggested last week, are shown to be very exigent, there is no earthly excuse, on the grounds of public policy, for such a move. As a matter of absolute disinterestedness, the **Graphic** expresses its conviction that the city hall is admirably situated where it is. Furthermore, there is plenty of room adjacent to the present building for erecting all the supplementary buildings that might be needed. Again, with the establishment of the new board of public works, the members of the city council will not need so much room as heretofore, since their duties will be mainly confined to legislative functions. Furthermore, if the contemplated project of combining the city and county governments is realized, one set of offices, such as the assessor's, tax collector's, auditor's, treasurer's, etc., will be

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abolished, and the bulk of the new city and county business can be transacted in the court house to which enlargements can be made if necessary. I have yet to hear an argument from a single taxpayer who is not directly interested in property in the proximity of the proposed site, in favor of the removal other than that of entirely selfish interests. General Otis's argument is all too transparent. He is distressed by observing the inevitable trend of business to the southwest—away from the corner of First and Broadway. His would have been a different position if he had accepted the advice of his former colleague, the late Leroy Mosher, who was shrewd enough to see which way the city was trending and urged "the General" to purchase property opposite Central Park which at that time could have been bought for about one-tenth of its present value and which would have made an ideal location for a new home for the Times. The frantic efforts of General Otis to anchor the business center somewhere near First and Broadway are rather amusing and will prove about as effective as an effort to sweep Niagara back with a broom. But since "the General" crossed the Rubicon, he has been thirsting for more Herculean labors.

Ethel's mother was very ill and, calling the little miss to her bedside, she said: "Ethel, what would you do if I should die?"

"Oh," answered Ethel, who did not realize the gravity of the situation, "I s'pose I'd have to spank myself."

Two Excellent Appointments.

Mr. W. C. Patterson probably had a premonition that he was to be honored with an appointment to the Board of Education, and possibly he remembered that not sixty days ago he swore that he was a resident of Terminal Island. At all events Mr. Patterson is out of the city this week and thus escapes the joshing of his numerous friends. When Mr. Patterson is not teaching his grandson to smash clocks he divides his scant leisure between the California and the University clubs. He is president of the latter cosy institution and, of course, it is eminently proper that the University Club should be represented on the Board of Education. I hope that no legal scruple will prevent Mr. Patterson's qualifying to serve on the Board. The vacated seats of J. S. Slau-son and Judge Bicknell were hard to fill and I do not see how the appointments of Mr. Patterson and Mr. Herman W. Frank could be bettered. Both gentlemen enjoy the fullest confidence of the business community and indeed of everybody that knows them. Mr. Frank has served as president of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and his name has always been identified with public movements. It is an encouraging sign, indeed, when men of such position and ability can be induced to serve the city. The time may come when Los Angeles can boast of a Mayor and Council of whom none need feel ashamed.

Evading the Issue.

Miss Mary L. Jones and her friends are possessing their souls in patience, however sorely tried they may be by the procrastinations of the City Council, the pretensions of the "acting" librarian and the intrigue of Mr. Isidore Dockweiler. The unfortunate accident to Dr. Trueworthy proved to be another fortuitous circumstance for his colleagues on the

Library Board who have been anxious all along, despite their protestations, to avoid an investigation. Dr. Trueworthy's nervous condition may be indefinitely prolonged, and will continue to provide an excuse for postponement. This is, of course, simple justice for Dr. Trueworthy, whose nerves, although able to stand a transcontinental journey, would not be improved by a cross-examination by Earl Rogers and Will A. Harris, but it is a rank injustice to Miss Jones, who has patiently been waiting for four months for a chance to vindicate herself. Other positions are open to Miss Jones but this plucky woman has not the least intention of leaving Los Angeles without a clean bill of health from the city which for five years she served so faithfully and well. When Dr. Trueworthy's nerves are in a condition to stand the strain, and the City Council has screwed its courage to the sticking point, it is quite probable that the Machiavelli of the Library Board will discover some new device of evading investigation—and the consequent revelation of his twelve years of plotting against women.

Lummisian Labors.

Mr. Lummis is working very hard, in and out of the Library, to justify himself. It is painful to see the Lion in labor and bringing forth only—mice. He is on record that he is devoting some fourteen hours a day to library matters—he needs them all. But I regret to notice that Mr. Lummis cannot resist in his numerous "recommendations" to the Board casting unfair slurs upon his predecessors. Mr. Lummis is by profession a publicist and he misses no opportunity to seek the aid of printer's ink to strengthen his wobbly position. One day last week I read no less than four "stories" in a single issue of the Herald recounting Charles F. Lummis's singular achievements in the Library. Hardly a day passes that one or more of the daily papers does not give Mr. Lummis some space. As his own press agent, he is inimitable. In justice to Lummis, however, I do not believe that his renunciation of \$50 of his September salary was "a play to the galleries" but was the result of thoroughly conscientious scruples. The raising of every library employee's salary—with the single and notable exception of Miss Celia Gleason—was a rare stroke of diplomacy, in which I fancy I can detect the fine Italian hand of Mr. Dockweiler. But the Civil Service Commission may yet have something to say concerning these unauthorized, however deserving, promotions. The crux is not what has been done but the way it was done. For fifteen years reformers have pointed to the Public Library as a splendid example of civil service, and now the traditions, if not the letter, of civil service have been violated by Mr. Lummis's initiative. Hitherto no promotions have been possible in this institution without regular examination. For the wholesale promotions made last week there was no examination, and at one fell swoop the Library payroll was raised about \$10,000 a year. A young woman, who seems to share with Miss Nora E. Miller the grace of a most abiding pull, has been given the principalship of the binding department. Nevertheless, this same young woman twice failed in examination for promotion and would probably be the first to acknowledge her incompetence for such a position. Two new positions were created and filled—also without examination—the principal-

ship of a Western History department and an assistant. Surely these simple facts are not conducive to the best service and the best "discipline"—of which Mr. Dockweiler so persistently prates—and deserve investigation by the Civil Service Commission, who should be especially jealous of the merit system in the Public Library. From the present Board with whom, of course, Mr. Lummis must either stand or fall, he has only to ask for anything to get it. The appropriation for the Library for the last fiscal year was \$59,000, of which, in round figures, \$25,000 was expended for salaries, \$15,000 for books, and \$19,000 for general expense. The appropriation in this year's budget is \$62,000, an addition of \$13,000, which will almost entirely be swallowed up by the increased salary list. By the way, many of us are anxious to peruse Mr. Lummis's first list of new books that have been, or are about to be, ordered.

A Library Picking.

The following unidentified manuscript was brought to me last week with the information that it had been picked up from the floor of the Public Library. Apparently it is the sorrowful effusion of one of Mr. Lummis's young ladies, composed under great stress of mind after the "acting" librarian's return from a visitation to the Pala Indians:

Since Chas Has Came

There ain't no joy in life no more,
An' all the days is just the same—
A nightmare in the daylight lived,
Since Chas has came.


He gives us chairs an' extry lights,
To make us happy is the game;
Still 'tain't no use to work a lick,
Since Chas has came.

He gives us all an invite out
To have a feed; I view with pain,
The winter prospect for the staff,
Since Chas has came.

He went away five blessed days,
We hoped he would not come again;
Alas! good-by, our peaceful dream,
For Chas has came.

Dieting the Young Ladies.

I have alluded to the slurs that Mr. Lummis seems to miss no opportunity to cast upon his predecessors in the announcement of his "reforms" and "improvements" in the Library. From reading the daily papers one might imagine that the health and comfort of the library employees were sorely neglected by Miss Jones, Mrs. Wadleigh and Mrs. Fowler, the three librarians whose official scalps Mr. Dockweiler wears on his belt. Lummis's lunch counter for the young ladies was apparently an innovation: no longer need they subsist on "pickles and pie," which, perhaps, was Miss Jones's favorite luncheon diet and therefore the reigning rage. As a matter of fact, the attic in the City Hall has for the past fifteen years been set apart for the use of the young

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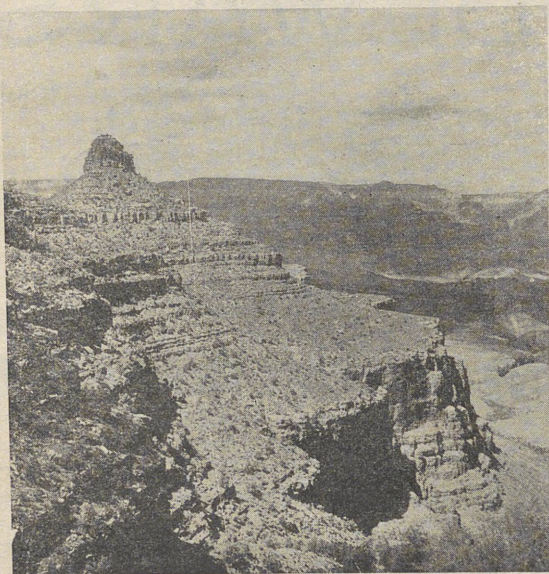
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Street

"Another one of those lobbyists approached me today with an insulting proposition," said Congressman Grapher. "Oh! John," exclaimed his wife, "then you can afford to buy me that sealskin sack now, can't you?"

women, where they could enjoy their lunch or a cup of tea—by the way it was Miss Jones's very own canister of tea. Does Mr. Lummis honestly imagine that he knows as much about the care of young ladies, bodily, spiritual and mental, as any of his predecessors? Is it a carnal sin to prefer pickles and pie and a cup of tea to chile con carne, frijoles and mescal?

A Lusty Infant.

The Evening News was born last Monday afternoon and proved to be a lusty infant. The good will borne the former editor of the Express, who has now successfully launched his own venture, was abundantly evidenced by the healthy appearance of the News's columns. While its original design was only eight pages, the first issue was stretched to twelve, containing no less than 64 columns of advertising, and during the last few hours before going to press Messrs. Clover and Hughes were compelled to dis-appoint many patrons, who wished to advertise in the first issue. While the birthday edition was naturally top-heavy with advertising, the News's appearance was received with universal favor. Its "dress" is clean, simple, conservative, which is taken to be "an outward and visible sign of its inward and spiritual grace." Mr. Clover wasted no space in effusive salutations but stated his project and prospect in direct and simple terms. There will undoubtedly be a sharp struggle between the three evening papers for supremacy, because the field is hardly large enough for all three. There is today no city in the United States of a population of 200,000 that supports three morning and three evening papers, but then, again, there is no city in the United States like Los Angeles. The Record scored a ten-strike by extending the right hand of welcome to the new-comer, while the Express remained grimly silent. If only Editor E. T. Earl had had the wisdom of also keeping his own counsel! But he has been very busy with the telephone the last few weeks and will not rest until he has discovered who "are behind" Sam Clover in order to express his feelings towards them. But I don't imagine his quest has been very successful.

"Robert," said a teacher in one of the public schools to her brightest pupil, "give me an example of the use of the word 'damper' in a sentence." Robert thought a moment, then delivered himself of the following: "Teacher is 'damper'-ticular about our English."

The Passing of Otis.

The promotion of Harry E. Andrews from the position of city editor of the Times to the managing editorship, which I foreshadowed some weeks ago, went into effect last Sunday, J. von Blon succeeding to the city desk and E. F. Dishman being appointed assistant city editor. Gen. Otis has for some time been gradually relinquishing his hold upon the details of his big newspaper, trusting in the financial genius of his son-in-law, Harry Chandler, and in the peculiar combination of cowardice and smart spitefulness that distinguishes Harry Andrews, whom I have frequently alluded to as "the mean man from Maine." Gen. Otis has become, within the last five years, a very rich man, his present fortune being estimated at over two millions, which, if certain of his schemes, notably the U. S. Government's irrigation of his Mexican lands, are realized, should easily

be doubled within the next few years. He is largely interested in other land schemes, in the San Fernando Valley and in Tulare county. "The General" today has very much more money than he knows what to do with and cannot be induced by his "friends" and his satellites of the Times to travel. In days gone by the amount of work he got through on the Times was prodigious. Ten years ago, when the success of the Times was assured and its stockholders were already reaping rich dividends, no detail was too small for "the Old Man's" ubiquitous grasp. He would sit up all night editing copy of comparatively insignificant character, such as country correspondence, but thereby saving a \$20 a week copyreader, and he would scrupulously correct even the proofreaders' "revises." This intense application to his work was, of course, one of the foundations of his paper's success. I have never hesitated to say and write what I think of Gen. Otis, and I have written some bitter and biting truths about him, but I also do not hesitate to pay my tribute to the wonderful energy and power of concentration that were among the rare equipments of this choleric and vindictive old editor. He is the last of the old school of editors, who believed in the divine right of their tripods and who founded personal animosities with news, and in many ways his is an exceedingly interesting though primitive personality. However wrong he might be, he was always passionately convinced he was right; however cruel and unjust, he was confident he was discharging a sacred duty. The passing of Otis from the active management of the paper which he himself has made is an incident that cannot be passed upon lightly or unfairly.

Californian, If You Please.

When Miss May Sutton crossed the Atlantic to invade and conquer the tennis courts of England, she was hailed as "the American Girl." No sooner had she established her supremacy at Wimbledon than the British scribes discovered she was an English girl after all, with which reflection they sought to soothe their crestfallen spirits. Miss Sutton was frequently consulted by gentlemen of the press on this subject and invariably replied with merry diplomacy: "I'm a California girl, if you please, and that's all there is to it." As a matter of fact, Miss Sutton was born in the Isle of Jersey, some nineteen years ago, the child of British parents, and is therefore distinctly British in the eyes of the law. Capt. and Mrs. Sutton migrated to California while May was still in short frocks, and May learned to play tennis at her father's place in Pasadena. Capt. Sutton is a retired officer of the British navy and receives a pension from the British government. Under these circumstances the Suttons were more amused than wounded when they discovered at the reception given in Pasadena in honor of the conquering heroine's return that the British flag was hoisted at half mast underneath the Stars and Stripes. But the indignity was ignored and not referred to the British vice-consul, Mr. Charles White Mortimer, who might have found therein a cause for international complications! No mistake of the kind was made at the Country Club's reception of Miss Sutton last Saturday afternoon, Secretary Dryden having skilfully made a combination of the American and English flags a feature of the decorations. The reception, by the way, was one of the most successful functions ever given by the club, more than five

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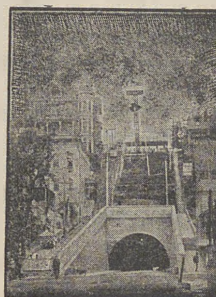
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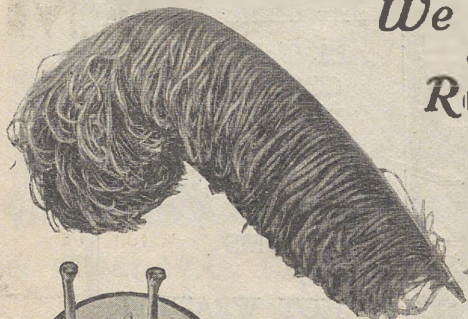
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327 South Spring Street

hundred members and guests seizing the opportunity to congratulate Miss Sutton, who received her honors with characteristic modesty but with occasional stray glances towards the ping-pong tables.

Why This Thusness?

On page 2, part II of last Wednesday's Times is printed the Grand Jury's report. The last paragraph purports to contain the names of the jury, but for some remarkable reason the name of Harry Chandler, vice-president and assistant general manager of the Times, is omitted from the list. Mr. Chandler served on the jury, and judging from several "stories" that crept into the Times while the grand jury was in session, his service on the jury was at least valuable to the Times. Why then should Mr. Chandler's name be omitted? Has he anything to be ashamed of? Was he not mainly responsible for the jury's evasive references to the fender question and for the white-washing of the street railroads in this regard? The grand jury "believes" that "this agitation will bring forth abundant fruits in the near future", but we certainly shall not have to thank the grand jury or Mr. Chandler for such a harvest. In the meantime, why does Mr. Chandler wish the readers of the Times to be ignorant of the fact that he served on the grand jury? Is this "all the news all the time?"

Washburn Pleased.

Of all the local bankers I think the one most thoroughly pleased with his prospects is W. J. Washburn, president of the Equitable Savings Bank. When the Los Angeles National goes over to the First National, the Equitable goes into the present quarters of the Los Angeles National at First and Spring streets and already the Equitable forces are getting in shape to move in. I met Mr. Washburn the other day looking longingly at his new banking quarters. "I think the Equitable will be a big gainer by this move," he said smilingly. "There has been a bank at the northeast corner of First and Spring streets for the past twenty years. I believe it is the best savings bank corner in Los Angeles. I am not casting any envious glances at my fellow savings bankers at Fourth and Spring streets—would just as soon be at First and Spring. Why, think of the people who must pass that corner! It looks fine to me."

Randolph's Quiet Life.

Some people imagine that when Epes Randolph retired from the active management of the Pacific Electric Railroad and went back to live in Tucson, it was to lead a quiet and easy life. Col. Randolph pays us an occasional visit now to report to his fellow stockholders the latest news from his fabulously rich mine in Mexico. But there is plenty to keep him busy in Tucson, for he is president of no less than five railroad companies. I do not know if they are all built yet, but with Randolph as a foundation they are all likely to be realized. They are the Arizona & Colorado, the Cananea, Yaqui River & Pacific, the Maricopa & Phoenix and Salt River Valley, the Gila Valley, Globe & Northern, and the Arizona Eastern. Under such circumstances I wonder that Col. Randolph has any time to program Arizona politics.

Editor Married.

Dent Robert, the managing editor of the San Francisco Examiner, and the man who started the local Examiner, was married this week at the Hotel

Majestic, New York, to Miss Elizabeth Woodson, formerly ingenue at the Alcazar Theater, San Francisco. Arthur Clarke, managing editor of the local Examiner, went to New York to attend the wedding.

The Warner Ranch.

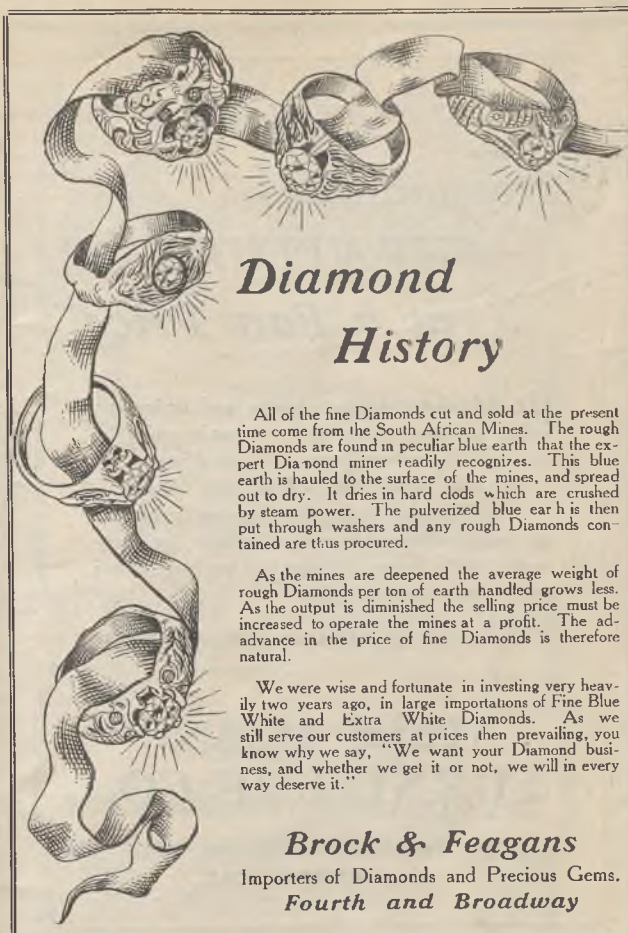
The settlement of the long drawn out Warner ranch litigation gives Downey Harvey formal possession of the old Indian reservation and the famous Agua Caliente springs. Twelve years ago the late Governor Downey's suit in ejectment against the Indians on the ranch brought the property into the courts and into newspaperity. By the way, that word "newspaperity" seems to fill a long-felt want, and, I believe its coinage is Theodore Bonnet's of San Francisco "Town Talk." The ousting of the Indians was in violation of the spirit of the original concession to Dr. Warner, after whom the ranch took its name, but the courts upheld the ejection. It was from the Mexican government that Dr. Warner, a consumptive New Englander, obtained his grant, but in it was a clause to the effect that he must always exercise paternal care over the Indians, who were to remain there. When the ranch came into Governor Downey's possession, there was no legal obligation on him to observe the Indian clause, and the suit for ejectment was the result. Just two years ago, Charles F. Lummis took up the case of the Indians, whom the Government had ordered to a new reservation. He made out a great case for them, but sentiment availed nothing.

Club Reciprocity.

More than ever before there is a spirit of friendliness among the local women's clubs. This is probably due to the fact that the necessity for concerted effort along certain lines has become apparent in the Library fight and in other matters of special interest to women. Reciprocity day for the clubs will henceforth be a feature of the year's doings in clubdom. The first meeting of this description for the year took place this week at the home of Mrs. George Drake Ruddy on Wilshire Boulevard, and nearly every club in the city was represented. The Badgers entertained. This movement for conducting a reciprocity day received its initiative in Los Angeles last winter, when the Wednesday Morning Club invited all the club presidents to bring delegates. The consolidated strength of an army such as that of the Los Angeles clubwomen may accomplish much for the betterment of local conditions, if the clubs once thoroughly learn the secret of standing loyally together.

Lem Storrer Convinced.

Lem W. Storrer, the Grand High Boss of the Postal Telegraph system, has at last been convinced that Los Angeles has a future. For many years, in common with many another San Franciscan, Storrer has been unable to "see" anything in the southern half of the state. There are still thousands of doubting Thomases in the north, but Storrer has been converted. Although a frequent visitor to Los Angeles he has for years confined his perambulations to the inside business streets. The other afternoon he was here and was induced to take an automobile ride in the southwest. An hour after his return he and several other gentlemen were discussing the prospects of the city. "Nothing like it in California" Storrer asserted vehemently. "It will be a matter



Diamond History

All of the fine Diamonds cut and sold at the present time come from the South African Mines. The rough Diamonds are found in peculiar blue earth that the expert Diamond miner readily recognizes. This blue earth is hauled to the surface of the mines, and spread out to dry. It dries in hard clods which are crushed by steam power. The pulverized blue earth is then put through washers and any rough Diamonds contained are thus procured.

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We were wise and fortunate in investing very heavily two years ago, in large importations of Fine Blue White and Extra White Diamonds. As we still serve our customers at prices then prevailing, you know why we say, "We want your Diamond business, and whether we get it or not, we will in every way deserve it."

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Right kind of clothing for men
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Of stylish folks
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The entire basement
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Fourth & Spring.

of a few years only until Southern California is built from the mountains to the sea with the best kind of homes." He has the fever.

"The Commodore's" Tribute.

Anent "The Postal" and its great service to hurrying humanity my old friend, R. R. Haines, "the Commodore," who was in the service of the Mackay-Bennet Company for many years, never tires of waxing enthusiastic. Looking back over his long life which covered the greater part of the nineteenth century he declares the greatest improvement of his day, and of all time, was the electric telegraph. "Wiring the ends of the earth together," he said to me the other day, "and making neighbors of the inhabitants of the distant islands of the mighty oceans, was a feat of grandeur, and not in the dreams, even, of the most progressive of any previous century. And I carry with this thought a memory of the men who wrought the wonderful, stupendous improvement; a peace victory more renowned than that of a hundred wars. How can we sufficiently do honor to the memories of these great public benefactors? True their works speak for them, but they have all passed from us, and but few of this generation know even their names. The story needs to be told often, that children's children, to all time, may know it. Tell them this as we tell the story of the Creation. The names of Morse, Field and Mackay should become household words in every civilized land. Especially should those engaged in the telegraph business keep ever fresh and warm in their hearts, love and admiration for these men—the telegraphers' Trinity.

"Samuel F.B. Morse, the inventor of the marvelous system of instantaneous transmission of language, a system that remains today, notwithstanding all attempts at improvement, and transmits messages in the same manner, and with the same alphabet used in transmitting the first message between Washington and Baltimore. Cyrus W. Field, for his perseverance in making the Atlantic cable a success, against failures that discouraged his associates, and begat a belief among telegraph men in this country that the scheme was Utopian. Nothing discouraged Mr. Field, and the historian says he compassed land and sea, holding up the weak and doubting by his enthusiasm, until a glorious victory crowned his efforts. John W. Mackay, for his courage and liberality in stepping in between an oppressive monopoly and the people, and risking his fortune to give the commerce of the world cable telegraph rates at living figures. He reduced the rates one-half, and so increased the business that it became necessary to add five cables to his original one, to accommodate the increased business. An estimate recently made asserts the reduction of rates benefited cable patrons not less than seventy-five million dollars. Certainly those cognizant of these facts will not fail to venerate his memory."

T. H. Goodman's Long Service.

The name, T. H. Goodman, which has been printed many hundred millions of times on the tickets of the Central Pacific Railroad Company and its successor, the Southern Pacific Company, as well as on the pasteboards issued for transportation by its many subsidiary lines, will hereafter be no longer a talisman to conjure with for the traveling public. Mr. Goodman retired from his position as General Passenger and Ticket Agent this week after a contin-

nous service of thirty-seven years. He was trusted by both Stanford and Huntington, and was one of the very few men in the great corporation who retained his popularity with the public under all conditions. He was "sot" in his ways and a master in the science of order and routine. Mrs. Goodman, who died some years ago, was one of the most beautiful girls of Sandusky, Erie County, Ohio, where Goodman was first initiated into the mysteries of railroading. George W. ("Billy") Luce, who is now one of the big traffic men of the Southern Pacific and formerly used to fight the company's battles with the fruit-shippers in this territory, was in the city this week. Luce is not only one of the ablest railroad men on the Coast but a prime favorite among men, and as he also is "very close to" Mr. Stubbs, is destined for still higher promotion.

No Freedom for Boys.

Was it not Max O'Rell who said if he had his choice of sex and nationality he would say, "Oh Lord, make me an American woman"! He must have been something of a prophet, for the inference plainly is that he didn't want to be an American little boy, especially a Los Angeles little boy. For that matter, who would with a set of mean, uncompromising "boy haters" framing ordinances and having them passed? Listen! Here is a list of the things a small boy can't do in Los Angeles without being guilty of a misdemeanor—the mere word is enough to give any small boy a chill! He is prohibited from flying a kite, riding a bicycle, playing baseball, going swimming in the river, riding his roller coaster, playing on the grass in the parks, except on Sunday, and about everything else worth doing.

If a picked nine of the juvenile Knickerbockers baseball team—two of whom sport white sweaters with different letters of the alphabet on them and are all innocent of shoes and stockings—wish to play a game of ball and incidentally ring in all the pet expressions of the professional players whom they adore, the blue coated cop in the vicinity puts a stop to it, lectures the aspiring stars and sometimes relieves them of a real baseball and mask. A warm day when everybody who can hies himself to the beach holds no charm for the little lads, even though they may live in proximity to the river—a swim is prohibited. The rather playful winds of Southern California are as naught, for kites have been tabooed, while the possession of a roller coaster means nothing, and in the stores they are being "marked down from sixty-nine cents."

Police Discretion.

Not long ago I talked to Capt. Auble, acting chief of police, on the ordinances governing the youth of the town. He is a splendid man, Capt. Auble, and one has but to hear him talk for a minute on small boys and city ordinances to be convinced of three things—first, that he loves all little boys and hasn't forgotten that once he was one himself; second, that if he were ruling a city and had the making of the laws children would have miles of territory in which to play unmolested by the law, and third, that when boys are brought to him for disobedience they will receive a lecture, just exactly kind enough and just stern enough to be effective.

"Of course," he said, while talking on this subject, "we all know that boys have not the heads of men, that they are heedless and often display a

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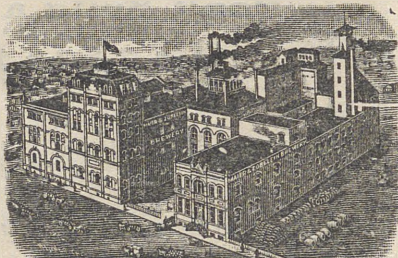
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contempt for the rights of others. Therefore the existing ordinances prohibiting all playing may be good. But, on the other hand, we endeavor to use judgment in enforcing them, and give to the little fellows all the latitude the officers can stretch. Not long ago, for instance, a woman telephoned in that some boys from a factory near by, who had been in the habit of playing ball in an adjoining lot, had broken a window. The boys found in this the only recreation of the day. We forbade them playing there, but I went out and found another lot in the neighborhood for them to play in. But, on the other hand, if we were to permit boys to ride bicycles promiscuously, men, women and children would be constant victims to fast riding."

All Very Well.

Now, that is all very well, Capt. Auble, and would be ideal if each policeman had your own warm heart. They haven't, though, and you know, and we all know, that some officers have no more sympathy with children than they have with the head dance of the barbarians. Then, too, each officer interprets the law as he sees fit. Here and there one finds it all right and just, but more often it isn't. If a law is passed, it should be obeyed and not be played with according to the judgment of individual officers. In point of fact, the majority of policemen think they could run the city perfectly if there were never equity, arbitration, courts or judges. Naturally they do as they deem wise, and it is not always the wisdom of the far seeing.

To Be Settled.

At all events this really important question is to be taken up by the Woman's Parliament which meets here next Tuesday and there will be brought out more reasons why boys should have the freedom of the city than all the mayors and officers in the country could contradict.

"My uncle," she said, "was once a member of the United States Senate."

"Never mind, darling," he replied, "I love you too much to let that stand in the way."

The Spirit of the West.

It is extremely gratifying to find one's own high opinion of a colleague indorsed most heartily by an undoubted authority. Here is what the Musical Courier, which quotes from the **Graphic** with commendable frequency, has to say:

"Frederick Stevenson, who resembles New York daily newspaper critics as much as a lion resembles a mouse, wrote this recently in the Los Angeles **Graphic**:

The almost incredible statement is made that the degree conferred by Yale upon Sir Edward Elgar was only that of Bachelor of Music—the while Horatio Parker, the most overrated man on the continent, sports a Doctor's hood. I must say that we sometimes do funny things on this side the water even when sincerely bent upon paying marked honor. Imagine Oxford or Cambridge conferring a Bachelor's degree upon a great nation's representative composer! I believe that Dr. Parker received his honorary Doctor's degree from one or the other of the great English Universities, and it is sheer triteness to say that he is no more Sir Edward Elgar's peer than the representative American composer.

"It is only by telling the truth—even when it hurts our musical neighbors—that musical conditions

in America may be put on a dignified and legitimate basis. Stevenson is doing his share of this work in the West, by expressing his opinions as they come, and if he occasionally falls foul of some of our great musical men of the East, he does so because he must and because he voices the real spirit of the West, which despises ready made greatness and stenciled fame."

Mrs. Galpin's Return.

Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin will be home from her European trip next week, and from her friends of the Shakespeare Club I learn that she will again take up her work of teaching Shakespearean students. Mrs. Galpin is about to enter upon her thirteenth year as director of the Shakespeare Club, and probably no woman in Los Angeles has done more in that time for the cause of literary culture in this city. She will receive a hearty welcome.

Civic Association.

Mrs. Willoughby Rodman is to the front in club life again this winter, without any ambition to occupy the center of the stage. She has been chosen president of the Civic Federation, succeeding Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, and in addition to other duties now devolving upon her, Mrs. Rodman is giving valuable assistance to the first annual exhibit of the Southern California Horticultural Association to be opened November 2. The Federation is no longer to be called by that name, but is to be known henceforth as "The Civic Association of Los Angeles."

Capable Presidents.

If efficiency of leadership counts for anything, the Los Angeles women's clubs ought to experience a brilliant year. For many seasons the friends of Mrs. Ernest K. Foster have been ambitious to see her in the capacity of presiding officer at the Friday Morning Club, and her triumph in the last annual election was a matter of much gratification. Mrs. Foster is not only a bright talker, but a thinker as well and she has read and traveled much. Mrs. Frank King of the Ebell Club has already had one year's experience at the head of the organization, and is in position to lead her forces to success even though the effort of building a new club house still weighs heavily. Mrs. W. H. Housh is serving a second term as president of the Ruskin Art Club, and has fortified herself for the winter's campaign with the preparation of a series of addresses in which she will tell the club how to judge a picture. Mrs. Housh enjoys great popularity with the Ruskin Club. Mrs. George Drake Ruddy is again at the head of the Badgers, and Mrs. Philip Gearhardy has assumed her duties as president of the Wednesday Morning Club. Mrs. Gearhardy has had considerable experience in club work, and is considered thoroughly competent.

Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal,
While he who walks in love may wander far
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.
—Van Dyke.

Lady Singers.

With the opening of the club year, the Women's Lyric Club has shown its confidence in M. Poulin by re-electing him musical director. Thus the club members emphasize the fact of their faith that where Prof. Poulin flourishes his baton, harmony may reign,



The Beaches We Reach



**Are Seaside Park, Long Beach,
Alamitos Bay, Bay City, Sunset,
and Huntington Beaches.**

**AND AMONG THEM YOU WILL BE
SURE TO FIND JUST THE RESORT
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ILLUSTRATED BEACH FOLDERS

The Pacific Electric Railway

if conditions are favorable. In fact the new club, which is an offshoot of the Treble Clef, is prospering, and since its disruption with the older organization, there has been no discord. Miss M. E. Comins was re-elected president at the annual meeting this week, and most of the other officers remained the same as at the formation of the club. The Treble Clef is not at all dismayed by the success of its headstrong off-spring, but will vie with the Lyrics in furnishing concerts that their friends may be glad to hear this winter.

The date for the French play to be given by the Alliance Francaise, entitled "Le Juif Polonais" has

been changed from the second Wednesday in October to the evening of Wednesday November 8, at Cumnock hall. The Alliance has been organized but a year, and its object is the study of French language and French literature and plays. Already the society boasts a membership of three hundred. The work is under the direction of M. Jacquard Auclair, who speaks nary a word of English, and most of the programs are contributed by French people. However during the winter several affairs will be given by the French speaking Americans among the members, and no less ambitious an undertaking than the production of Mme. Sans Gene is being considered.

The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining
And as I turn my clouds about
I always wear the inside out
To show the lining.

—Unidentified.

The new president of the Symphony Orchestra is Mrs. Hugh Macneil and I miss my guess if her energy and savior faire do not make a new record for that admirable organization. Mrs. Macneil inherits the capacity "for doing things" from her father, J. S. Slauson, and when she once puts her fair hand to the plough you may be certain she will turn a fine furrow. The Symphony's president has declared war upon those society women who ignore the duties of the symphony concerts and who in the past have arranged social functions on dates that clash with the concerts. Lest there should be any mistake or excuse—"I'm sorry, my dear, I wouldn't have done such a thing for the world, but I didn't know the Symphony was set for next Friday"—Mrs. Macneil will see that everybody gets the season's program and, furthermore, she will see to it that her friends observe the dates and keep them inviolate—even from the fascinating bridge. In previous years some of the directors of the Symphony have themselves been offenders in this regard. They and all others are hereby duly warned.

New York Fashions

New York, September 25.

Unique Suit and Cloak House:

Gentlemen: I have sent to you today six Silk Moire Princess suits; these are the very newest things shown in the Fifth Avenue shops, and are considered the proper thing by the "Smart Set." I am also sending you some gowns in the high colors. Plums, Violet, Amethyst, Burgundy, Alice Blue, Pasha Red, etc. There has never been a greater color season; in fact, no woman can feel her wardrobe complete this year without at least one gown in the gay colors and as many more as she can possibly afford. You have no idea how hard it is to find a good model in the somber shades. The circular skirt is fast coming into vogue and it is predicted by the best makers that it will be the only separate skirt worn by the end of the season. The styles I have just sent you are especially good, as they are not too extreme and the greys of every shade are strictly up-to-date. It is a real broadcloth season, not the heavy broadcloth of old but so fine and beautiful that I am sure it will be just right for your mild climate. It is called Chiffon Broadcloth and the handsomest suits I have sent you are in this material. More next week.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. J. J. F.

Autos and Autoists

There are prospects of an automobile show being held in this city this winter. While many of the dealers told me they had heard nothing about it, they all seemed to think it would be a good plan, and a fine thing for the car selling business.

I find that the men who are in the business think auto shows, endurance runs and that sort of thing are for the good of the trade, and the dealers certainly stand together well. There is of course a fierce business rivalry existing between them, but this doesn't interfere with their all getting together on a proposition that is bound to be of benefit to them all. In that respect they differ widely from some sporting people I know.

E. Jr. Bennett pronounces the show a fine scheme, and says that it should be held, but late enough so that all dealers could exhibit their 1906 model cars.

"Such an event would be good for the dealers and good for the public," he declared. "I'm not sure that prizes would be quite the thing to offer, for it would be perhaps a difficult matter to obtain unbiased judges to weigh the merits of the respective cars. I think it would be found necessary to bring judges from outside points, for of course all who own autos in town are stuck on their particular cars, and would naturally be inclined to think that the next car did not come quite up to the notch.

"There would certainly be a lot of machines on exhibit, and I think an affair of this sort would be about as good a tonic for the business as was that Santa Barbara endurance run."

Ralph Hamlin suggests a show conducted on the same plan of the bicycle show held in this city several years ago.

Hamlin, by the way, is going East, and he says he is going to take in the wind-up of the Vanderbilt cup race. "Would I like to be in that contest?" he said, "well, rather!"

H. M. Fuller of the White Garage says it would be a capital plan.

"Cars would of course only be entered by auto dealers," he said, "as the show would be given by the Automobile Dealers' Association. It would be a good plan to give medals, cups, honorable mention, and the like to the cars getting the greatest number of points. The good qualities of the various machines would have to be decided by a board of judges. The show wouldn't be to determine what machine is better than the rest; such a thing would be impossible, and no one would ever be satisfied if the other

Tourist
AUTOMOBILES
Made in
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Sts.

fellow's car was declared to be better than his.

"In the first place the cars would have to be graded, according to models, just as each manufacturing concern has different grades of one make of car. Then the judges would not be asked to decide on the superiority or inferiority of the different machines, but on particular points. For instance, in Class A, say, the judges might decide that a certain car had a better steering wheel than another auto of the same class, or better than all other autos in that class, but that wouldn't necessarily mean that that car was any better than the others.

"The idea of the show would be to gather together all the makes of cars in this city, so that the public could study and appreciate the better the good points of the various cars."

I am told that within the next month or two a number of new garages and automobile agencies will probably be opened up, and that some cars hitherto unsold in this city will become active factors in the auto market.

A. W. Eager of Hunt & Eager, the architects, has bought another of W. K. Cowan's surrey Ramblers. This is the second car of this make that Mr. Eager has had.

W. K. Cowan has returned from the East, whither he went to see about getting early shipments of Rambler 1906 model cars.

R. C. Hamlin has sold to Charles Stansbury, the contractor, a Franklin model A light touring car.

He has also sold to A. G. Hubbard of Redlands a car of the same make and class.

Mr. Hamlin is going to Syracuse, N. Y., where the Franklin motor car factory is located, to arrange for early shipments of his 1906 cars.

The White Garage is looking forward to one of the most active seasons the White steamers have yet enjoyed. They have already delivered two 1906 model cars, to J. W. Jorgstroff and Chauncey Clark of Atadena. They also have received advance orders for 1906 Whites from the following: E. A. Leffenwell, W. W. Hadley, R. E. Upp, Rev. W. W. Cornett, Mrs. Susan Bixby, Mrs. W. E. Bayley, I. H. Patton of Pasadena, Mr. Marcher, Mrs. F. C. Fenner.

These orders are for deliveries as soon as the cars arrive in this city. A demonstrator has been showing the qualities of the 1906 cars only since September 1. "Considering that all the cars are as good as sold before the first of the year," said H. M. Fuller, "we may expect a record breaking business the coming year, I think."

W. W. Burton and party recently made a Santa Barbara round trip tour in his White steamer. They declare they had a very pleasant trip.

"Dainty" and "exquisite" are the two terms most proper to apply to the enlarged store of the S. Conradi Company. Mr. Conradi stands among the first in the jewelry trade of Southern California. He now has a store room in keeping with the goods he sells. The store room at 203-205 South Spring street is furnished in mahogany throughout and the cases and other fixtures are appropriate to the general scheme of equipment. There is no handsomer store in the South and hundreds of old friends of Mr. Conradi have called this week to express their appreciation of his place. "Conradi's" has been a standard name in Los Angeles for many years. "Conradi's" is now a gem in the jewelry trade.

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:

Did you ever see an "Elephant's Breath"? Huh! No? Well I have, and a very lovely thing it is too. If you go to Coulter's, up in their swell new dress cloak and suit department, you will see it, in the form of a metal colored grey material, which "arrives" in an up-to-date gown under that most extraordinary title. For the benefit of those who don't know, I must explain, that the "raison d'être" of this new cognomen is evolved from the fact that whatever metal an elephant breathes upon turns into this dark leaden grey color, so "ware" your trinkets at the circus when feeding peanuts to the gentle creatures. But anyway, to return to Coulter's new gowns, just being carried in, in cases under the tender supervision of Miss Lee, they are just about the grandest things you ever set your eyes upon. One of the new coats is known as the Paddock Coat and like the old "Newmarket" is very stunningly curved to fit the figure. A perfect darling of a gown I saw there was of soft mouse grey taffeta velvet with fitted tucked skirt and lovely little Eton girdled short coat. "Prunes and Plums and Prisms" are all the new shades this year and some of the velvets at Coulter's in these shades are a joy to behold. This is one of the largest displays of new gowns that has ever been made in one season by the delightful Coulter Company.

Talking of Coulter's reminds me of the fact that today I had my first excursion through their old store, now so entirely transformed and glorified by the Ville de Paris people, as to be unrecognizable. My child, you should see that new vast place. It is

AUTUMN DRESS GOODS

If you knew just how largely we've bought you'd think that we expect to sell every woman in Los Angeles a dress—we shall sell hundreds of them. We have selected wisely—none of the riff-raff that's expensive at any price and so universally and abundantly displayed at seemingly low prices, will be found at this—YOUR store.

Coulter Dry Goods Co.

225-227-229 SOUTH BROADWAY
224-226-228 SOUTH HILL STREET

quite wonderful. "How beautiful" one hears on every side and indeed it really is. A whole block's depth is occupied by this enterprising company, running through from Broadway to Hill street and the vista from either end is one so long and deep as to suggest the use of a telescope. Half way back to Hill street through the wide main isle, one encounters a flight of stone steps with heavy brass railings, upon mounting which one really may be said to "obtain a beautiful view" of one of the handsomest stores in the United States. The store is beautifully lighted from the roof and sides, and as it has no upstairs, is most comfortably cool and lofty all over. The first half block is furnished in heavy glass cases of polished mahogany, while up in the millinery (this is new for the Ville you know) and art departments, etc., mission style fittings of dark Flemish oak prevail. The very floor is interesting in that it is composed of myriads of small blocks of oak, set together in the old Renaissance style, and copied from some old Italian Villas by Mr. Laughlin, the owner of the vast building. When one considers that that block floor alone cost nearly ten thousand dollars one may form a small idea of the beauty and elaboration of this beautiful new Ville de Paris.

Well, dearie, you will see why I am writing to you on this expensive and fashionable paper, which I only squander (as a rule) on my less intimate friends. I went into the Boston Store to purchase a pound of two of their really useful Marcus Ward note paper which comes at 50 cents a pound and is absolutely invaluable for home use, and there I saw some of the dandiest new boxes of stationery I ever set eyes upon. "Holiday Paps" they call these pretty things, and if your mind turns to an old fashioned card board box with more or less quires of note paper you're not "thinking right"—that's all Harriet. Not this time. No; Hurd's paper stationery comes in the most wonderfully gotten up forms. One heavy rose-wood case with smoothly bevelled lid, all lined with fluted lavender silk, contained the most complete outfit of their newest note paper, from a little "regret" size you know, to the largest gushingest kind. Such a scrumptious Christmas gift for some young beau for his bestest girl, and not nearly so compromising as trinkets and much less perishable than candies or flowers. A monster heart-shaped rose leaf box, with pink satin bow on one corner, was composed of ecru burlap and lined with satin, and just jam full of dainty stationery. They have started a new idea in this department in the Boston Store in having the engraving for any and every kind of card, from weddings to funerals, done right on the premises. Only the very finest kind of work of

course is turned out, as nothing cheap or shoddy ever came out of the exclusive Boston Store.

The Blackstones are interesting people always, and this week they are showing some of the most scrumptious trimmings and appliques and "inserts" I ever saw. You know these little ribbon trimmings are tremendously good this season, with their little love knots in teeny wee ribbon and spangles and French knots. I saw a lovely one in passion flowers, which of course comes by the yard but is meant to be dissected and applied in all sorts and kinds of places and positions. The padded flowers stood out most artistically in soft mauve from the green leaved background and would look "great" on a lace yoked waist. You can't gather from my feeble description the novelty and beauty of Blackstone's new trimmings; they have them in all kinds and at all prices in a vast and wonderful supply, and make it apparent that this season at all events we are all bound to "applique."

Of course I had to drop into my friend Mr. George P. Taylor's establishment, on Broadway, just to see "what's doing" in the men's department these broiling hot days. I found a wonderful assortment of lovely new neckties, socks, waistcoats and gloves, all "a' growing and a' blowing" and awaiting a cool moment for a purchaser (to venture out of a long cool tumbler in the club) to select. Don't be astonished dear, when I insist to you (having got it straight from this swell establishment) that this fall our men are to have "frogs legs?" Deed they are though, Harriet, green froggie socks with little blinking spots in black or yellow are to adorn the pedal extremities of our "braves." They are awfully stunning though, and with a green tie look very much up-to-date. I love to see these attempts on "our boys" to gather in a cheerful bit of color into their garments, don't you?

Well, now, for the "bon bouche" of this letter, which as usual (in a woman's epistle) comes almost in the postscript. I want to tell you of the smartest opening of one of the very smartest dressmaking establishments in this City of the Angels. This is to be "handed out" to an admiring public, on the 9th, 10th, 11th of this month by the Misses Terrill at 338 S. Hill street, that very stunning place I heretofore described to you. I couldn't, if I would, describe to you any of the beautiful French importations these charming people have still hidden in their draped and darkened chambers. I only know that what we will see will make us realize that for us at last in Southern California Paris is unveiled. At the Terrill establishment you see "Gay Paree" and the latest gorgeosities of gowns and wraps without ever personally crossing the dreaded "Briny." Miss Terrill does all that for you, and has brought back with her some creations that I understand will make us all "sit up and think." You really must come to the exhibition! We haven't had anything quite so up-to-date and advancedly French here before, and as you and everyone know who have visited this establishment, the taste exhibited in every detail (in their own make as well as in their importations) is simply "sans reproche." Well on the 9th or 10th or 11th let me know if you are in town and we will go and rubber even if we can't buy.

Affectionately yours,
LUCILLE.

Figueroa Street, October Fourth.

Ye
Print
Shop



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If you contemplate getting pictures framed, have it done right. Don't spoil a good picture by putting it in a poor frame. The kind we make enhances the artistic value of your pictures. Get our prices.

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313 South Broadway

Over The Teacups

Mr. George Steckel and Miss Evangeline Buck were married in Sacramento last Tuesday at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Porterfield. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Henry Kendall Booth of the First Congregational Church and only a few relatives and friends were present. The groom was attended by Mr. A. L. Kelley of San Francisco and Mrs. Porterfield attended her sister. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Steckel will be at home after November 15th at their new home which has been built for them at 924 West Twentieth street. Mrs. Steckel is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Buck and has spent most of her life in San Diego, the family only recently removing to Sacramento when Mr. Porterfield, who owns the Scripps newspaper, the San Diegan Sun, established another Scripps paper at Sacramento. Mrs. Steckel is well known in Los Angeles and has made for herself many friends. No man is better known in Los Angeles than George Steckel and his hundreds of friends will join in wishing him a happy and prosperous married life.

Matrimony will claim General Bob Wankowski for its own some time during the coming winter. The engagement is not yet announced, but the General's friends are in the possession of certain knowledge on the subject. I am told that the General's better-half-to-be is a very well known and charming singer.

Speaking of matrimony, it will not be long until Phil Wilson, one of the most steady and eligible young men of the south, joins the ranks of the married men. Announcements are expected in the immediate future.

My! but wasn't there a jam at the May Sutton reception given for her on Saturday last by the members of the Los Angeles Country club. The guest of honor might have been the most obscure visitor, so far as looking for the homage everybody was just dying to pay her. She wore an immaculate white linen shirt-waist suit with a hat of white embroidery and was a picture of the true athletic girl. Early in the afternoon she left her place in the receiving line and spent her time dancing with her little "chum" Alice Ryan, of Santa Monica. All the pretty speeches in her direction availed nothing for the two young girls were inseparable and danced the afternoon through together. Incidentally Miss Ryan is one of the coming players, who may some day enter the field against all champions.

Of course there were many little tea parties and it seemed as if every member who could get there was present. There were some stunning girls too—Clara Carpenter, for instance, who has just returned from the East and Miss Harrison, who drives her own automobile. The latter was attired in light blue, a shade, by the way, which she affects. Miss Carpenter—I was going to attempt to say what she wore—but it would be really useless, for it isn't any individual article of clothing which gives the charm to her dressing—it is the tout ensemble. One of her admirers, a bright matron, said "Could any one wear

a simple white gown, a loose fitting tan rajah coat and a hat and chiffon veil and look like that but Clara?" as she stood admiring her and trying to get an angle on the arrangement of the veil. It was long and draped in a very fetching manner.

Mrs. Jack Foster, too, came in for considerable admiration. She was all in white while Merita Seymour's dusky beauty was enhanced by a white linen suit with lingerie waist, and topped off by a red hat. Lulie McGoodwin, who came up with her mother from Redondo, wore the quaintest imported Dresden gown, which looked for all the world as if it had been the treasure of a great grandmother, and had been resurrected from a bed of lavender and sweet clover. Miss McGoodwin and her mother have travelled all over the world several times, you know, and have been in every country in the world. Miss McGoodwin is delightfully interesting and has a pleasant way of imparting her experience. She is turning some of them to profit too, and has recently taken to magazine writing, her articles on India having earned flattering comment from the editors.

Mrs. H. W. R. Strong and Miss Nelle de Luce Strong of Ranchito del Fuerte have returned from New York, having spent the summer with Mrs. Hicks at her country home "Shorewood."

Invitations have been received recently by the legion of friends of Miss Margaret Guenther, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Guenther of Chicago, and formerly of Los Angeles, who will be married on the twenty-seventh inst to the well known cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune, Dan Groesbeck, formerly on the old Herald staff. During her residence here some five years ago Miss Guenther, the beautiful and much petted daughter of a capitalist, evinced a desire to study something which might, if it were ever necessary, be of some practical value to her. In the midst of her popularity as a young society bud, she entered the County Hospital Training School for Nurses and graduated therefrom three years after her entrance. Her friends of the butterfly world predicted three months or less of the rigid training would cool the ambitions of Miss Guenther. She, however, never wavered and the head nurse found in her one of the most able as well as most willing of the

School Shoes

The children's shoes will need much less repairing if you buy them at the Innes Shoe Co., where only thoroughly reliable shoes are sold.

It will cost you no more to buy these shoes, and the saving in repair bills will amount to considerable.

Innes Shoe Co.,

258 S. Broadway

251 W. Third St.

large corps of nurses. Since residing in Chicago Miss Guenther has been much in the society of Mabel Johnson, who is also a resident there.

Dan Groesbeck today stands high in his profession and in addition to his cartoon work on the Tribune has contributed many clever sketches to the leading periodicals of the Middle West and East.

Another approaching wedding, the principals of which has figured much in Los Angeles society, is that of B. E. McCarthy, brother of Mrs. W. A. Innes, and Mrs. Lillian Pollock, a charming young widow of New York. Mr. McCarthy came here several years ago from Nashville, Tenn., with his sister, then Miss Louise McCarthy. He was popular socially and many deep regrets were expressed at the change in his business house which took him to San Francisco to reside permanently. Mrs. Pollock is young and handsome and has lived in the metropolis the greater part of her life. The marriage will occur at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Innes on the afternoon of the eighteenth. To attend the wedding Mr. McCarthy's father and two sisters, B. J. McCarthy, Mrs. Lewis C. Garrabrant, and Mrs. Boyd Woodward have come from Nashville, and are staying at the Innes home. Mrs. Garrabrant visited here a year ago last autumn, and her wedding which occurred in December of last year was one of the big events in Southern society. Marrying as she did into a rich and influential position with an undisputed social position of her own has given the young matron sway in elaborate entertainments, for which she possesses ingenuity in the planning of unique affairs. While Leila Simonds and Mrs. Innes were visiting in the South last winter Mrs. Garrabrant gave several large affairs for the former, who proved herself incidentally a great favorite with the Tennessee gallants.

Society is growing a trifle impatient over the date of the Carhart-Simonds nuptials. Close friends of the young couple name November as the month, but all are in ignorance of the date. It will probably be the latter part of next month, but the prospective groom has evidently not been assured of the time and place for he has been known of late to make several visits to the seeress of Mercantile Place fortified with six interrogatives, each bearing on the coming event of his life.

While Miss Anna Chapman, one of the charming daughters of Judge John S. Chapman, is on the high seas bound for the Orient and chaperoned by Mrs. Charles Bagg, the gossips both here and in San Francisco are discussing her change of heart. The engagement of Miss Chapman and Louis Prinot of San Francisco was never publicly announced, but at the time this fair youth was visiting in Santa Monica when he was one of the favorites of the pink tea and other drawing room entertainments, his attention to Miss Chapman was conspicuous. Just when everybody was awaiting the formal announcement the engagement was suddenly broken. But—its a woman's privilege and even Miss Chapman's intimate friends have not been taken into the secret.

The Korea, which arrived in San Francisco several days ago from the Orient, had as one of its passengers Lieutenant Llewellyn Wigmore of the United States Army who will come as soon as possible to the bosom of his family. Mr. and Mrs. John Wigmore

are awaiting with anxiety this visit from the young army man who has been away from here for several years.

Mrs. Rosalie Black announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Rose Louise Black, to Mr. Jarvis Beech Price, son of Mrs. Docia Erwin Price of Figueroa street. They will receive Sunday, October 15th, from 2 to 5 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Black, 2110 South Grand avenue. Miss Black is the only sister of Julius R. Black and George N. Black of the firm of Black Brothers. No definite date has been set for the wedding but it will take place sometime during the coming month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kingsbury, of Tempe, Arizona, who have been spending the summer at Redondo, left the early part of the week for their home. Before their departure they were guests of honor at a theater party given by Mr. and Mrs. Tom Otis, who are also living at Redondo. The Kingsburys are delightful people and each year spend the summer in Southern California, while their daughter Miss Nona Kingsbury, who is a pupil at Marlborough, spends the holidays with them.

After experimenting on all the residence portions of Los Angeles and Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Otis, formerly of Chicago but who have determined on a permanent abode here, have decided on Redondo beach. They will spend the winter at the hotel, but in all probability they will join the colony on the picturesque bluffs overlooking the ocean and build a pretty home.

Among the recent acquisitions for the winter to the Redondo set is Miss Jane Wilshire of San Francisco, who with her mother, Mrs. William Wilshire is the guest of Mrs. George Wilshire. Miss Wilshire is pretty and interesting and withal free from the affectation a petted daughter of devoted parents sometimes acquires. On Saturday last, at the Country Club Miss Wilshire was greatly admired although there were many other young women of local fame as beauties and favorites as rivals.

ANASTASIA.

The Angelus Grill continues to be the rendezvous of society people after the theatre, the crowd being so great on Monday evening that it is advisable to engage tables ahead of time. The Loomis Brothers' cuisine is excellent and their service impeccable.

The following persons registered from Los Angeles at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, during the past week: Wm. G. Kerekhoff, C. E. Thom and wife, Mrs. B. F. Church, Mrs. Alice Covert, G. E. Harpham, Chas. Wier, Mrs. Mathew S. Robertson, Mrs. Hancock M. Johnson, Seward A. Simons, B. J. Bradner, S. I. Perry, E. L. Lovejoy, Mrs. Addie McCarthy, J. G. McFarlane, Irvin Barret, Chas. Lloyd, Warren Miles, Geo. Steckel, M. A. Collins and wife, Ed Marlow and wife, W. G. Griffith, Maie M. Bennett, Christie B. Bennett, Thos. Vignes and wife, C. A. Morse, John G. Johnston, W. R. Leeds, J. R. Andrews, Mrs. John R. Moore, Jos. S. Korhn, A. Finck, A. L. New and wife, W. H. Wright, E. E. Milliken, Walter D. Walsh, A. G. Wells, J. Mossin, L. W. Bennett, I. L. Hibbard, F. L. Botsford, W. S. Cranz, Mrs. C. E. Hoyt, Miss C. M. Sherwood, D. H. Drew, Geo. Carter and wife, Julian Troconiz, Mrs. Troconiz, Miss Celia Troconiz, Frank A. Garbutt, C. A. Canfield, C. T. Jergins, John D. Bicknell and wife, Mrs. C. P. Bagg and nurse, Mrs. J. R. Carter, Jos. Brown, Miss Anna Chapman, G. F. Detrick, Winfield Hogaboom, B. Chandler, H. H. Moore and wife.

Where Are They?

[Announcements for this column must be received at the Graphic Office, not later than 6 p. m., Wednesday of each week. No notice is taken of any announcement unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

"Bud" Story has returned from an Eastern visit.

Dr. Titian Coffey has returned from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich are registered at the Van Nuys.

Miss Clara Carpenter has returned from an extended visit in the East.

Judge C. C. McComas has returned from a two months' visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Tufts have taken a house at 2722 Hoover street for the winter.

Mrs. W. F. McCann of Dewey avenue is entertaining Miss Bessie Ray Gilkey of San Diego.

Rev. and Mrs. Frank De Witt Talmage have returned from a two months' sojourn at La Jolla.

Mrs. Mary J. Schallert of 938 Beacon street is entertaining Miss Ruby Gardner of San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry E. Alderson of San Francisco are spending their honeymoon in this city.

Mrs. John Winston of 1407 Carroll avenue, has as her guest the Misses Yberri of Guaymas, Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones of Newport have arrived at Pasadena, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Sessions of Hotel Westmore have returned from a five months' sojourn in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Otis have returned from an Eastern trip and will spend the winter at Hotel Redondo.

Mrs. J. M. Hall of Clinton, Ills., is the guest of her sister Mrs. C. B. Eager, of 818 South Bonnie Brae street.

Mrs. Philip Gerherdy is entertaining relatives, Mr. Charles Wynn Allen and Miss Alice Allen of Kentucky.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Truworthy accompanied by their son started Tuesday evening bound for New York.

Mrs. Clara N. Gries and Miss Florence Collins Porter have returned from a trip to Portland and Northern California.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Rendall and the Misses Maybelle and Daisy Rendall will spend the winter at Hotel Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Schulze, of 1547 Gramercy Place and Miss Grace Schulze left on Tuesday for several months' visit in Chicago.

Miss Maud Daggett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Daggett of Pasadena has returned from Chicago where she spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle who have been spending the summer at Terminal are at home again at 1202 South Alvarado street.

Mrs. G. Aubrey Davidson is in San Francisco attending the national convention there of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daniels, accompanied by her three daughters, Miss Lucile Gay, Miss Lelia Daniels and Miss Kitty Daniels have returned from St. Louis.

Harry Oldham has returned from Kentucky. He and his brother William will enter Harvard school this autumn while Mr. Oldham is absent in the East.

Judge and Mrs. H. Clay Gooding and Miss Gertrude Gooding are at the Van Nuys. Mrs. Gooding and Miss Gooding will soon leave for an extended visit east.

Mrs. Elon Wilcox of New Jersey is visiting her sister Miss Louis Erdt of Hotel Hinman. Miss Wilcox is en route to the Philippines with her husband, Major Wilcox of the United States Army.

Mrs. Jack Foster left for the East last Monday, expecting to be absent about three months, visiting her relatives in Wheeling, W. Va., and spending some weeks in Chicago and New York.

The following Daughters of the Confederacy of Los Angeles are attending the convention at San Francisco: Mrs. W. L. Graves, Miss Albert M. Stephens, Mrs. Matthew S. Robertson, Mrs. Cameron Them, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. Benjamin F. Church, Mrs. Alice Covert, Mrs. E. C. Boyer, Mrs. J. F. Ponder, Mrs. A. D. Hunter, Mrs. M. E. Martin, Mrs. Lee Overton, Mrs. Weightman Smith, Mrs. Kate McDonnell, Mrs. Samuel Boswell, Mrs. Robert Pennington, Mrs. A. P. Close, Mrs. A. E. Hawcroft, Mrs. W. R. Gosewich and Miss Birda McGaughey.

Receptions, Etc.

September 30.—Miss Mary Foy, San Rafael ranch; tea for Mrs. Mary Field of New York and Mrs. Farwell.

September 30.—Misses Frances and Joanna Maloney of Brooklyn Heights; box party for Miss Louise Eager.

September 30.—Los Angeles Country Club; reception for Miss May Sutton.

September 30.—Mrs. Henderson Hayward, 2501 Wilshire avenue; for Mrs. A. L. Danskin and Mrs. F. P. Flint.

October 2.—Mrs. W. W. Murphy, 1342 South Union avenue; reception for Child's Study Circle.

October 2.—Mrs. Roscoe B. Ashley of 730 West Sixteenth street; at home to members of Eschscholtzia Chapter, D. A. R.

October 2.—Mrs. Charles E. Stanter, 1497 West Twentieth street; kitchen shower for Miss Alice Stubling.

October 4.—Members of Ebell Club; luncheon at Los Angeles Country Club for Mrs. A. L. Danskin.

October 4.—Y. W. C. A.; annual reception for members.

October 4.—Miss Grace Adele Freeby; farewell concert.

October 6.—Church of the Unity; reception for pastor, Dr. Burt Estes Howard.

Anastasia's Date Book

October 31.—Wade Hampton Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy; Hallowe'en ball at Kramer's.

November 7.—Robert E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy; ball at Kramer's.

November 8.—French play by members Alliance Francaise Cumnoek hall, evening.

Recent Weddings


October 1.—Miss Mabel Davis of San Diego, to Mr. J. L. Halstead, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, 3601 Downey avenue.

October 2.—Miss S. M. Thompson, to Mr. Wilton R. Dunseath, at 811 South Grand avenue.

October 3.—Miss Mary Louise Eager, to Mr. Charles B. Bergin, in St. Vibiana's cathedral.

October 3.—Miss Pearl Edna McGaillard, to Mr. Emil Frederick Koster, at 929 Georgia street.

October 3.—Miss Harriet Wells, to Mr. Arthur Gawthorne of Oakland, Cal., at 1721 West Twenty-fourth street.



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October 3.—Miss Adele Busch, to Mr. Glenmore Omar Larkins, at 224 North Hope street.

October 4.—Miss Bessie Entwistle Hinton, to Mr. George E. Munger, at 1033 West Seventh street.

October 4.—Miss Alice M. Stribling, to Mr. Harry G. Elliott, in Boyle Heights Presbyterian church.

October 4.—Miss Alice M. Broom, to Mr. William S. Miller of Riverside, at 3622 South Figueroa street.

October 4.—Miss Florence Bannister, to Mr. Guy Halder-son.

Approaching Weddings

October 9.—Miss Stella Blanchard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Blanchard, to Mr. Elmer Dodd Cowan, in the Boyle Heights Presbyterian church.

October 11.—Miss Clara Louise Garbutt, to Mr. George Turner, in the University Methodist church.

October 11.—Miss Lillian Harris, daughter of Mrs. Elida Harris, to Mr. Robert H. Adams, in St. Paul's Pro-cathedral.

October 25.—Miss Bessie Rowntree, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Rowntree of 331 Loma Drive, to Mr. Willard Arnott.

November 8.—Miss Mamie Hough, to Mr. Erwin Hale Miller, in the University M. E. church.

Engagements.

Miss Rose Louise Black, daughter of Mrs. Rosalie Black, to Jarvis Beech Price.

Miss Rowena Josephine Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Moore, to Paul Selby of Johannesburg, South Africa, formerly of Oakland, Cal.

Miss Mary Miller Shenk, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Shenk, to Henry C. Wilson.

Miss Myrtle Lillian Morris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Morris, to Robert Lee Pierson.

Miss Marian Armstrong, sister of Mrs. Elwood de Garmo, to John Albert Paxton.



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On the Stage and Off

Have you got your tickets for the Oberle benefit? Next Tuesday afternoon.

At the Belasco Theater.

If you want to show your appreciation of a fine actor and a rattling good fellow, who is "up against it" from ill-health, you will not fail to get your tickets, whether you can go or not. An Oberle benefit ticket will be for the next few days a badge of good fellowship and a proof that you are not ungrateful for the many hours of artistic enjoyment that Tom Oberle has given you.

If you want to witness a top-notch performance, that will sparkle with interest from curtain to curtain, you will not fail to be in your seat by 2:15 next Tuesday afternoon.

Manager Blackwood and George Barnum who have the program in hand are nursing many good things for our edification at the Benefit and refuse to disclose them all prematurely. But I hear rumors of a minstrel circle, the like of which has never been seen before, including Al Levy, Guy Barham, Charlie Van Loan, and all the celebrities of the local rialto. Lillian Burkhart, supported by George Barnum and Dick Vivian, is to produce for the first time on any stage a twenty-minute sketch, written by a Los Angeles girl—Miss Ruth Comfort Mitchell. There are volunteers from all the local theaters, and a rare program is assured.

Do not miss it.

The profession was more conspicuous than the public at the auction sale of seats for the Benefit last Tuesday afternoon. There is no profession in the world in which there is more true fellowship than the Thespian. Let one of them face distress, and the helping hand of a comrade is sure to be stretched out. The Lambs' Club, whose members know Tom Oberle's worth as actor and man, paid \$100 for a back seat in the gallery. John Drew, Ethel Barrymore, Nat Goodwin, Maxine Elliott, and many other famous members of the profession, wired George Barnum instructions to purchase seats in their names.

Milo M. Potter, who rarely misses the Belasco whenever he is in town, started the ball handsomely by paying \$100 for the first choice of boxes, which choice, however, he generously resigned so that it might again go under the hammer. Other liberal subscribers were M. A. Hamburger, Alex MacKeigan, the Los Angeles Jockey Club, Belasco & Mayer, Henry J. Woollacott, Adolph Ramish, Dr. Houghton, John Bernard, Joe Galbraith and Bill Desmond, William Schneider and Mrs. J. A. Jevne.

The auction realized nearly \$1000 and this sum should be nearly trebled by next Tuesday evening.

Manager Wyatt is not to be blamed for the show that has been foisted upon him and a long suffering public this week. Presumably he has to take what the syndicate gives him and be thankful; if he occasionally draws a blank, we must admit that we generally get our money's worth. "The Sultan of Sulu" was originally a rattling good show, and, even in its latter-day edition, an inferior company cannot destroy George Ade's irresistible humor. But such tactics will surely, if slowly, kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Musical comedy is only tolerable

when there is real comedy, for we have long ago given up all hope of getting real music in these extravaganzas. There is very little spontaneous fun-making in the present edition of "The Sultan," although there is such an excellent foundation of fun. "The Sultan" is simply traveling on its former reputation and the result is that the impression is much as he himself felt "the morning after." The gentlemen in the East who book these "attractions" will sooner or later learn that the best is only good enough for Los Angeles, and that to bring third or even second rate companies here at first class prices is not destined to be a remunerative investment. I do not see how Manager Wyatt can quarrel with me for this frank statement. He certainly knows a good show when he sees it. I noticed that he avoided seeing this one on Monday night. As a matter of fact it is a shame for George Ade to take the money.

Manager Morosco and his merry men are once more "Around the World in Eighty Days" this week and a capital spectacle they make of it. The scenic effects are admirable and the specialties introduced, including little Fay Bainter, some grand Amazons, and three agile and amusing acrobats, are up to the best standard.

Two powerful personalities dominate the Orpheum program this week to the almost total undoing of the remainder of the personnel.

It might seem from the persistent way in which the old stunts are resurrected and reduplicated that the possibilities of vaudeville have about reached their limit. But Rose Stahl on the one hand, and Julien Eltinge on the other, easily prove the contrary. And, better still, they prove, too, that it is, after all, the really clever and artistic which take fast hold of the susceptibilities and sympathies of even a vaudeville audience.

Nothing more perfectly delightful from every possible standpoint than Miss Stahl's "Chorus Lady" has yet found its way to the Orpheum stage. Indeed, in both concept and interpretation the sketch takes deserved rank with Lillian Burkhart's exquisite "A Passing Fancy," and Eva Williams's little gem "Skinny's Finish"—and higher praise than this it is not possible to give.

The rest of the program calls for small mention—the strong man, the occasional funny men, and the trick bicyclist who draws part of the audience into the danger line, serving chiefly to fill out the appointed time on strongly reminiscent lines.

But, were there nothing else on the bill, Rose Stahl and her pretty assistant would be all sufficient for present enjoyment and future grateful memory.

Joe Galbraith gets his inning at the Belasco this week and demonstrates that he has the true spirit of comedy in Gunter's diverting "Prince Karl." The stock company plays the piece almost as straight farce, and a very merry evening's entertainment they make of it. Juliet Crosby, who, I regret to say, leaves us this week, makes a very sweet and captivating Florence, and the successor of Marie Howe, Laura Royce, demonstrates that she has a distinct talent of her own. Tom Oberle, who is making his farewell appearance this week, gives an excellent portrait of the deaf old innkeeper, Markey Davis, artistic throughout. William Yearance and Howard Scott acquit themselves well, while Bertha Blanchard

does good work as the Vassar girl. It is, however, distinctly Galbraith's week, and he is making the most of it.

William Bernard, an excellent "heavy" and an actor of great experience, has been drawn from the Burbank Stock Company to fill Tom Oberle's place in the Belasco forces. Mr. Bernard has been a member of Morosco's aggregations for the past two years and his colleagues at the Burbank part with him with real regret.

Leon Levy, the resident manager of the Novelty Theater, states that his new theater will open about the first of November with clean, up-to-date vaudeville programs. The Novelty Theater is one of the most beautiful of the popular price theaters on the Pacific Coast. A good orchestra will be one of the features of this house, and comfortable seats, well ventilated room, and many exits will add to the comfort of the patrons.

Every night next week Los Angeles people and their visitors will have the opportunity of witnessing what is unquestionably the most gorgeous, pretentious and thrilling open-air spectacle in the world, Pain's "Last Days of Pompeii." While these gorgeous Pain shows are comparatively unknown in the West, for more than twenty-five years they have been the one big midsummer amusement feature of nearly every large Eastern city and resort, and there has also not been an important exposition held in America, England or France during the past quarter of a century that has not had a Pain display as its big night feature. Nearly four hundred correctly costumed people participate in the stirring scenes and pageants of the big spectacle, and more than four acres of ground will be covered with its massive scenery. The spectacle takes place at Prager Park where an immense seating capacity of boxes, seats, and bleachers is comfortably arranged, showing this wonderful panorama, which is over 600 feet long and 60 feet high, where in comfort this wonderful performance may be witnessed. The reserved seat sale is on at Birkel's Music Store.

Trusty Tips To Playgoers

Mason—Miss Ethel Barrymore, whose company was small in numbers last season, will be supported by a much larger and a particularly strong cast in "Sunday," her new four act play, the notable suc-

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TONIGHT AND TOMORROW NIGHT LAST TWO TIMES

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"PRINCE KARL"

Next Week: Commencing Monday Night, Oct. 9

First presentation in Los Angeles of

"AUDREY"

Adapted from Mary Johnston's successful novel.

EXTRA —Tom Oberle's Benefit, Tuesday Afternoon.

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Last Times of

"Around the World in 80 Days"

Week Starting Tomorrow (Sunday) Afternoon
Matinee Saturday

Lee Bascom's Furiously Funny Farce in Three Acts

"Three Men in a Flat"

To be preceded by Jack London and Lee Bascom's recent triumph

"The Great Interrogation"

Matinees Every Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c, no higher.
Evenings 10c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Orpheum

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MODERN VAUDEVILLE

Week Commencing Monday, Oct. 9.

Spook Minstrels, Vaudeville's Latest Novelty; Harry Corson Clarke & Co., in "Strategy"; Genaro & Bailey, in "A Cigarette Case"; Prof. Alline's Wonderful Trained Monkey "Petro the Great"; Buckner, Sensational Cyclist; Holcombe, Curtis & Webb, in "The Botany Class"; Jolson, Palmer & Jolson, "A Little of Everything"; Orpheum Motion Pictures; Last Week of the Great Artist, Julian Eltinge, Most greatly discussed Person on the Stage.

Prices as Usual **10, 25, 50c.** Matinees Wed., Sat. and Sun.

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The Family Theater

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Oct. 8

The Chas. A. Taylor Co.

Presents the Thrilling Melodrama

"Escaped from the Harem"

The Adventures of the Abducted American
Girl in India

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday, 10, 25c.
Evenings, 10, 25, 50c.

Saturday Night Last Performance of "A HUMAN SLAVE"

cess of the London and New York season. Bruce McRea, who played the witty Irish lover in "Cousin Kate" is retained. Among other well known names in the cast are Charles Harbury, Joseph Brennan, Harrison Armstrong, William Sampson, John Barrymore, Herbert Percy, James Kearney, Virginia Buchanan and Olive Oliver. The local engagement at the Mason Opera House is for three nights only, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 16, 17 and 18, with a special Wednesday matinee.

Orpheum—An absolute novelty is promised in the "Spook Minstrels," which will be seen for the first time next week. This aggregation of burnt cork artists is utterly unlike anything of the kind ever seen before. Harry Corson Clarke, an old friend to Los Angeles, with a strong supporting company, will present his latest comedy success "Strategy." Dave Genaro and Ray Bailey will present a mirth provoking skit "A Cigarette Case," assisted by Nat Crane playing the part of "The Smile That Won't Come Off." Professor Allenei will introduce his wonderful trained monkey "Petro the Great." This extraordinary Simian performs on the trapeze and rings with all the grace and spirit of his ancestors chasing cocoanuts in African jungles. Julian Eltinge, the impersonator of femininity, Buckner the clever cyclist, Holcombe, Curtis and Webb in "The Botany Class," Jolson Palmer and Jolson in new comedy and new motion pictures complete the bill.

Grand—"Escaped From the Harem" will be the attraction next week, when the Charles A. Taylor Company will make its first appearance in Los Angeles. This should be one of the most elaborate melodramatic events of the season, as the Taylor Company carries all its scenery and equipment. The story of the play deals with the abduction of a young woman from her New England home, her captors hurrying her to New York and from there to India where she is immured in a harem. She escapes with the aid of a trained elephant and joins a circus, her persecutors being finally foiled by a young American naval officer.

Morosco's—Lee Bascom's farce-comedy "Three Men in a Flat" will be preceded next week by Jack London and Lee Bascom's recent San Francisco production "The Great Interrogation." "Three Men in a Flat" is one of those really ludicrous, thoroughly down-to-date farce-comedies that contains enough situations for two plays of a like nature. Three men of similar name though of different morals rent a flat at different times. Their friends continue to call on them when they each in turn leave the place, and even the bill collectors frequently call to collect money for some article of furniture the former tenant said was paid for. "The Great Interrogation" is a romance in one act. The scene is laid in Alaska and the action has to do with a white man and a pretty Indian maid. It is a problem and well worth seeing.

Belasco's—Manager Blackwood underlines next week's attraction, the first presentation in Los Angeles of the drama made out of Mary Johnston's successful novel "Audrey." Eugenie Thais Lawton returns next Monday as the stock company's leading woman.

In the Musical World

And now comes russet-lipped Autumn, the gentle, mellow fall-time when the radiant Clubwoman chats entertainingly of uncostly entertaining.

"Madame President, it has occurred to me that the sometime somewhat dry, if occasionally useful, routine of our dearly beloved club might be materially quickened and enlivened by the introduction of frequent musicales and other pretty doings. Let me hasten to anticipate a possible objection on the score of cost. There need be no fear on this point, I assure you. There are many charming young singers who will be only too glad to appear without fee, merely for the value of the introduction. Others of the be-trousered persuasion will gladly assist, with a view to pupils. Newcomers in the instrumental field will willingly aid, so that they may edge into the eye of the public. And—"

"Pardon my interruption, Madame President," interjects little Miss Selina Justice, the dear old maid of the crinkly curls, "but I would like to ask whether we have any moral right to accept the services of these talented young people without paying them adequately in return?"

"They do get paid adequately in return," replies Mrs. Notta-Sent, soothingly. "That is precisely the point I make. And, so long as we are the efficient medium between these artists and the public they desire to reach, we are doing a material service—and there can be no vestige of unfairness in accepting a little rare and costless entertaining as a reward for our services in so good a cause."

It is an old story—as old as the arras of "My Lady's Bower", and quite as frazzled at the edges.

One way there is to do the right thing—in this as in all else. One standard should obtain in the engaging of artists—just as much in club entertaining as in the more public sphere of the concert hall.

Nay, more. For, if there be any body of supremely fastidious and conscientious folk in the wide, wide world, that body should be the splendid army of great-minded and large hearted women which has been brought into being by modern club development.

I would like to see Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, or Mrs. E. K. Foster, or Mrs. Sumner Hunt, or Mrs. J. E. Cowles, or some similarly representative woman of local clubdom push through to a standing rule the dictum that in future no professional services should be accepted without the payment of a proper fee.

If the young artist gives pleasure she is worthy of her hire. And, if she feels as yet unable to demand the fee she deserves, no considerate clubwoman will consent to take advantage of either her helplessness or her modesty.

On the other hand, it is high time that the musical profession registered a stern determination to do no more of this gratuitous entertaining. Singers and players upon instruments have been the unresisting prey of clubs and charities (and of, I regret to say, uncountable shoals of private individuals who ought to know better) far too long.

No club dreams of asking Mr. Baumgardt or any other professional lecturer to hold forth without due equivalent. In charity affairs it is always the musicians who give of their only asset out of all

proportion to the similar giving of other people. And in private social affairs one need not be guessing wildly when he surmises that the caterer, the grocer, the butcher and the wine merchant are giving nothing but good will.

Let us be frank about this thing. Where the hostess of a coming function telephones Miss So and So, who has nothing but her music to depend on, "My dear, you had my note, of course; well I wondered whether you would not bring a few of your nicest songs with you"—is she playing fair?

The little girl knows perfectly well that it is a barefaced holdup, and, yet, she does not dare to offend. Hence, she naturally does one or other of two equally detestable things—gives way weakly, or lies about a previous engagement. And I'll warrant that, in the latter case, the registering angel will, under the circumstances, put the lie in the good credit column—as any wise angel would.

It is, then, up to both sides, if justice is to be done.

The givers of entertainments, no matter what shape these entertainments may assume, should take it as a matter of course that the artists will be a legitimate part of the expense.

Professional singers and players, on the other hand, should make it an unvarying rule to give no services without a proper fee.

If young singers find the operation of this rule beyond their power let them make a contract with Mr. Behymer, or some other capable manager, and refer all applications to him.

And, in this connection, I think it would be a mighty fine thing if Mr. Behymer would make a special list of those who need protection in this way, charging a merely nominal percentage for such services of the kind referred to as may be called for—this list being separate from that of the regular engagement order.

In any event, let us at once proceed to do the very thing that every other professional and business man or woman in the world does—demand a good silver dollar for every dollar's worth of work that is done.

Three "Don'ts."

Don't rate yourself cheaply. On the other hand, don't attempt absurd fancy fees. We are not yet New York or Newport.

Don't play fast and loose with your fee. Fix it, and don't budge, even for your best friend.

Don't be afraid that if you don't do it someone else will. It may happen occasionally, but few people really care for the marked-down professional article.

Three "Nevers."

Never forget that, while it is good to feel **or** know, it is better to feel **and** know.

Never forget that taste alone is a temptations snare. Critical judgment must needs have three foundational pillars—intuitive feeling, trained schooling and wide experience.

Never forget that your knocker hammer has a double back action head which will surely rap your own fingers smartly, wield it as deftly as you may. And the good Lord knows we are the most famous knockers the world ever saw!

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When, in the sweet by and bye, the genial rector of Christ Church, the Rev. Baker P. Lee, shall have brought to a glorious consummation the union of Church and Stage, when Wilton Lackaye shall sit at the feet of Bishop Johnson and the circus elephant shall tote John Douglas Walker to morning service, then, maybe, we may look with devout hope to the hanging of a fine peal of bells in the great Cathedral that is to be.

"I remember, I remember," ah, how I remember, the bells of dear old London! Not that there is anything especially delightful in being awakened from the restful sleep of the dawn of day by the clangor of a single brazen tongue calling you to early mass!

But the distant sound of an eight or twelve bell "touch" is surely one of the most exquisitely beautiful effects of the many which the Old World gives us in such rich profusion.

And I remember so well, too, how the sturdy bellringers of the church of my youth, the famous St. Botolph's, of Boston, Lincolnshire (the "Boston Stump" beacon of the North Sea Mariners) would strip and start in on a siege of those remarkable three-hour peals of 5040 changes which yet stand as one of my marvels of those early days.

A "full peal" of twelve bells has never been rung, and is not likely to be. For it embraces no less than 479,001,600 changes, and would, if attempted, take 37 years and 355 days to ring. At least, so says Mr. Hughes, the great bell-founder—and I, for one, am a trustful man and willing to take his word for it.

Need I say how gladsome it is to be out of the local contesting? Changes here, there, everywhere. Choirmasters going and coming; conductors springing out of every hedgerow: Ferullo, Chiaffarelli, Donatelli, Arend, and all their rival claims on preference—no, no, thank you, I really would rather not.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

Music Notes

All the details for the Lott-Rogers concert season have been settled and the first concert will be given on the evening of November 9th and the others will follow at intervals of six weeks. As with last season the concerts will be given in the Dobinson Auditorium. In the first concert a chorus of twenty-five voices, all leading professional singers of Los Angeles, will present a program consisting of choruses by Cornelius and various English madrigals. This chorus, which is picked from the best voices in Los Angeles, will be directed by Mr. William H. Lott. Of the remaining five concerts of the series, two will be song recitals by Mr. Harry Clifford Lott and three evenings will be devoted to chamber music by the Krauss-Opid-Rogers trio. The Lott-Rogers concerts this season will be the most notable affairs given by local musicians.

Edwin H. Clark, the violinist, has returned from his three months' trip to Europe. He spent most of his time abroad studying in Berlin and Paris under Halir, Meyer and Dumond. Mr. Clark says that in France Massenet's music is all the rage.

The Italians of Los Angeles and other friends of the sunny South are preparing to make a memorable events of tonight's concert in aid of their countrymen who suffered such appalling distress from the re-

cent earthquakes in Sicily. Signor Pietro Buzzi, who has had charge of the arrangements, has brought together a program that is simply glittering with good things and deserves a crowded house at Simpson Auditorium tonight. The list of assisting artists includes Miss Maude Reese Davies, Miss Rita Green, Mrs. Jo. Hensel Kien, Mrs. Blanche W. Robinson, Mrs. Frances Russo, Miss Blanche Rogers, Miss Frances Close, Mr. Domenico Russo, Mr. Julius Albert Jahn, Mr. Arnold Krauss, Mr. Frank H. Colby, and Nicola Donatelli's band. Mr. Leo Cooper will give a reading and the W. H. Hoegee Company have taken charge of the decorations.

The Board of Directors of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra held a meeting last Tuesday at Birkel's Hall. It was well attended and the reports of the various committees placed the Symphony Orchestra this season on an excellent footing. The membership of the orchestra will be sixty-two under the direction of Harley Hamilton. Two trumpets have been added to give effectiveness to the various selections in which they are used. The advance subscriptions show over \$4000 in the hands of the treasurer and over eighty season tickets have already been sold. The support of the Symphony Orchestra this season is far ahead of that of any previous year. Soloists were discussed and it is the consensus of the committee that a number of Eastern soloists should be secured as well as local singers and instrumentalists for this year. A surprise is in store in the shape of the first soloist. The hour for holding the Symphony is to be changed to 3:30 so as to allow business men to attend, and Director Hamilton has arranged for the Symphony to be placed at the earliest part of the program as this seems to be the principal number of the program for the majority of Symphony admirers. The ladies who are interested in the program report an excellent number of advertisers and will close their work in two weeks. The first Symphony will take place Friday, December 1st, and the remaining five at intervals of four weeks, excepting the second which will be moved back one week later owing to the holidays.

The Great Philharmonic Course opens on Thursday evening, October 19th, with a double program presented by Hugo Heermann and his son Emil, two of the great exponents of the German violin school. It is the first time in which two celebrated violinists have been heard together in this city. During this month also comes Emma Eames—on Tuesday evening, October 24th—presenting a program of operatic selections and ballads. The third event on Tuesday evening, October 31st, is a recital by the celebrated pianist, Harold Bauer, who made such a wonderful impression in this city two years ago. He comes direct from triumphs in Australia and Europe. Another event in this course includes Outcault, the celebrated cartoonist, the creator of the "Yellow Kid" and "Buster Brown." The fifth event is the Westminster Abbey Concert Company of fifteen members. Fraulein Stolle of the Berlin Academy of Arts will furnish one of the most interesting numbers of this course fully illustrated with views in colors, from celebrated art galleries of Europe, followed by the closing number, Mme. Johanna Gadski, considered today the greatest dramatic soprano on the American stage.

The Steinway Insignia

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Financial

The Southwestern National Bank has issued a circular announcing that the bank will go into voluntary liquidation next Saturday at the close of business. This, of course, is another step in the merging of the institution with the new First National. The bank invites its present depositors to continue their relations with the First National and gives details of the transfer of accounts. It is understood that the transfer of the Los Angeles National bank to the First National will be effected about the end of the present month.

Edwin D. Elliott, who has been assistant cashier of the Southwestern National Bank, has accepted the position of assistant cashier of the German American Savings Bank.

Howard B. Smith has resigned as cashier of the First National Bank of Colton and become vice president of the institution. C. W. Curtis, assistant cashier, was promoted to the position of cashier.

The Long Beach Savings Bank has let the contract for its five story building to Hall & Alpeter.

The German American Bank of Anaheim has organized. The capital stock will be \$25,000. The following officers were chosen: H. W. Chynoweth, president; Joseph Helmsen, vice president; directors, H. W. Chynoweth, Joseph Helmsen, E. Barr, E. Michod, W. H. Spake, A. Nagle, all of that city, and Walter Snider and W. Scott Smith of Long Beach and W. A. Bonyng of Los Angeles. Mr. Snider is president of the Long Beach State Bank, and Mr. Bonyng is president of the Commercial National of Los Angeles. The banking house will be selected in a few days.

The charter for the San Diego branch of the Continental Building and Loan Association has been completed. Stock amounting to \$25,000 was subscribed, making a total of over \$250,000 held by San Diego people. The object of this branch is to advise with the home office in the matter of loans. The company will convert much of its income to San Diego, having loaned its limit in Los Angeles, amounting to \$780,000 and built 248 houses and loaned on 480 all told.

W. A. Huff is to be the president of the new Farmers' and Merchants' Bank at Santa Ana, which will open for business in a few weeks. R. H. Sanborn will be vice-president and J. A. Turner cashier. An assistant cashier will be named later. Stockholders of the institution held a meeting this week and elected the following directors for the first year: Dr.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital and Surplus - \$1,399,000

Deposits - - - - 6,349,000

Resources - - - - 9,671,902

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

J. R. Medlock, C. E. Mansur, John D. Parsons, R. H. Sanborn, W. A. Huff and J. A. Turner. It is hoped that the bank can begin operations by November 1, but it is possible that work on the building will delay the opening until the 15th. In connection with the National bank is to be operated the People's Home Savings bank.

Nichi Bei Ginko (the Japanese-American Bank) of Los Angeles, licensed by the State Bank Commissioners and represented as "the authorized banking institution for the subjects of the Mikado, throughout Southern California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Northern Mexico," has opened its doors in Los Angeles. Its manager is M. Takekawa, who expects to secure the patronage of most of the 1500 or more Japanese in the city. Accounts will not be opened with other than Japanese. Nichi Bei Ginko is controlled by the stockholders of the Japanese Bank of San Francisco.

Bonds

Santa Ana votes November 11 on a proposition to issue \$69,000 of improvement bonds.

Water Company No. 5, San Diego County, has decided to issue \$100,000 irrigation bonds.

San Bernardino (city) is agitating for a \$40,000 bond issue, the proceeds to go to bridge and culvert building.

The Board of Trade of San Bernardino has passed a resolution asking that the mayor and common council call for a bond election for bonds in sum not to exceed \$40,000 to be used in building bridges and culverts throughout the city.

Los Angeles Railway Co.

Reaches all points of interest in the City, including the beautiful City Parks.

Westlake Park -- Take Seventh Street Line or Second Street Line.

Eastlake Park -- Take Eastlake Park Line of Downey Avenue Line.

Elysian Park -- Take Garvanza Line or Griffin Avenue Line on Spring Street.

Hollenbeck Park -- Take East First or Euclid Avenue Line.

South Park -- Take San Pedro Street Line.

Chutes Park -- Take Main Street Line or Grand Avenue Line.

BAND CONCERTS -- Eastlake Park, Westlake Park and Chutes Park every Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Seeing Los Angeles Observation Cars

provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of Today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

Tickets 50 Cents . No Half Fares

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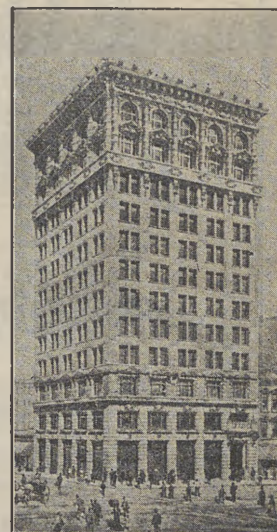
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which are the finest west
of Chicago

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W. D. Woolwine, Vice-President;
Chas. H. Toll, Cashier; J. H. Griffin, Sec;
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Reduction in Rates

Portland Exposition

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limit 10 days. \$32 Round Trip limit 21 days.
Last day of sale, October 12.

Tickets may be extended upon additional payment. Information at 261 S. Spring Street.

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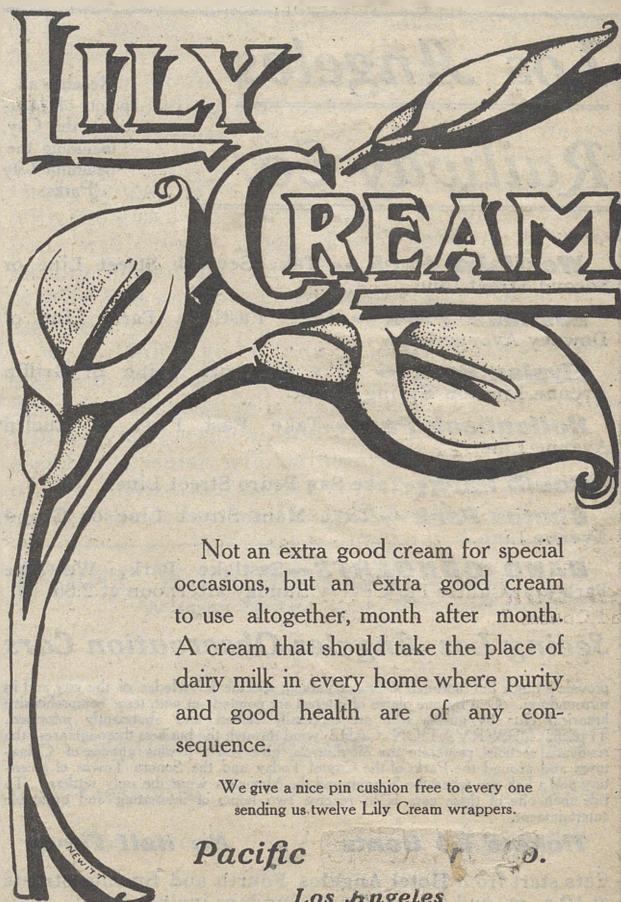
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